

COOKIE

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

**BUT ANGELPUSS!
HOW DID I KNOW
THEY'D CHARGE A
NICKLE EXTRA FOR
THE PICKLE?**





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READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...



Read **AMERICAN!**

"COOKIE"

BUT I'M TRYING TO
TELL YOU, YOUNG MAN...
THERE'S NO HUNTING
IN BERMUDA!

Beautiful
BERMUDA
ISLE of ROMANCE

Beautiful
BERMUDA
ISLE of ROMANCE

THAT'S WOT
YOU THINK...
GIMME A
TICKET!

ISLE of ROMANCE

TAKE ONE

TICKETS



OH, COOKIE! OUR NEW
NEIGHBORS ON THE PHONE!
SHE WANTS TO KNOW IF HER
DAUGHTER CAN RIDE TO
SCHOOL WITH YOUR
CROWD THIS
MORNING!

AW, FER CORN
SAKE!...AWRIGHT,
MOM, BUT TELL HER
SHE'LL HAVE TO RUN
FOR IT! THAT JALOP
OF JITTERBUCK'S
WON'T STOP ON
THIS HILL...
NO BRAKES!

SCREEEEEEEECH!

TELL HER TO HURRY
...THAT'S JIT TURNIN'
THE CORNER INTO
OUR STREET NOW!





JEEPERS, COOKIE, I'M
SORRY! I DIDN'T
REALIZE THE
JALOP WAS SO
FRAGILE!

HUH... TOO BAD THE
SAME THING CAN'T
BE SAID FOR YOU!
---HERE, LET ME CARRY
YOUR BOOKS,
ANGEL PUSS!

HEY, BLONDIE! YOU
AIN'T GONNA LET THAT
POOR LITTLE JERK
CARRY ALL THEM
HEAVY THINGS, ARE
YA?

WHY NOT?
HE ASKED
TO!

YEAH, GARGANTUA... YOU
WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!
THAT'S HIS WAY OF
SHOWIN' HER THAT HE
LOVES HER!

CUTE

HEY, YOU BIG
OAF, PUT ME
DOWN!

AW, NOW, COOKIE, IS THAT
THE WAY TO TALK TO THE
WOMAN WHO LOVES YOU?

!!

VERY WELL, CLASS...WE WON'T WAIT ANY LONGER FOR THE LATECOMERS! WE WILL PROCEED! FIRST I WANT YOU TO...

OH, BOY...JUST MADE IT!

WHAM!

OH-OH! WHO'S THE DUNCE, COOKIE?

OH, N-NO!

I THINK, YOUNG LADY, THAT THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY FOR YOU TO MEET OUR PRINCIPAL!...COOKIE O'TOOLE, OF COURSE, HAS MET HIM BEFORE!

WELL, OF ALL THE...

GR-RRRR!

MR. LOCK JAW, I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT THESE TWO...

UNCLE ALEX! MAMA DIDN'T TELL ME THAT YOU WERE THE PRINCIPAL!

I GUESS MAMA DIDN'T TELL YOU! WE JUST MOVED TO TOWN AN' NOW I'M GOIN' TO YOUR SCHOOL! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

DECIDEDLY, MY DEAR CHILD!...ER...WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE ABOUT TO TELL ME, MISS BIBBLESNICKER?

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY LITTLE NIECE ARSENICA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

UNCLE! NIECE!

...WHY...ER...I WAS JUST GOING TO SAY... ER...THEY...OH, YES! I THINK THEY'RE BOTH VERY WONDERFUL PUPILS!

MISS BIBBLESNICKER, I'M GLAD YOU SAID THAT! IT SOLVES A PROBLEM FOR ME!

I HAVE A LETTER HERE FROM THE SCHOOL BOARD! THEY ASK ME TO SELECT TWO OF MY BEST PUPILS, WHO WILL BE REWARDED WITH A CRUISE TO BERMUDA FOR THEIR ENDEAVORS! AND AS I SAY, YOU'VE SOLVED MY PROBLEM!

MY NIECE, ARSENICA AND COOKIE O'TOOLE ARE THE TWO I SHALL NAME!

WELL, WELL! I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO'LL JUST LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!

BUT ANGELPUSS, I SWEAR IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, HER AN' ME BEIN' PICKED! I DIDN'T PLAN IT!

JIT, YA GOTTA HELP ME! WOT AM I GONNA DO TO GET OUTA THIS MESS? WHY, IF I LEFT ANGEL ALONE HERE, ZOOT WOULD MOVE IN AN'...

JEEPERS, COOKIE, I DON'T KNOW! YA SAY THIS ALL HAPPENED BECAUSE YER SUPPOSED TA BE A PRIZE PUPIL?

YEAH!

THEN THE WAY OUT IS TA MAKE YERSELF ONE OF THE WORST PUPILS!... C'MON!

LOOK, SHORTY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANGEL-PUSS WHILE YOU'RE GONE! SHE'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS...WITH ME! HA-HA!

HE AIN'T GONE YET, WISE GUY! ...TAKE IT **EASY, COOK!**

LEMME AT THAT GUY ZOOT! LEMME AT 'IM!

NOW LOOK, THE FIRST RULE IN MAKIN' YERSELF UNPOPULAR IT TO INSULT SOMEBODY...SO GRAB SOME CHALK AN' MAKE WITH A PICTURE OF THE **PRINCIPAL!**

HEY, NOT BAD! NOT BAD!

HOW'S THAT?

SWELL! NOW I'LL CALL THE PRINCIPAL!

SO!

YOO-HOO, MR. LOCKJAW! LOOK WOT COOKIE DID!

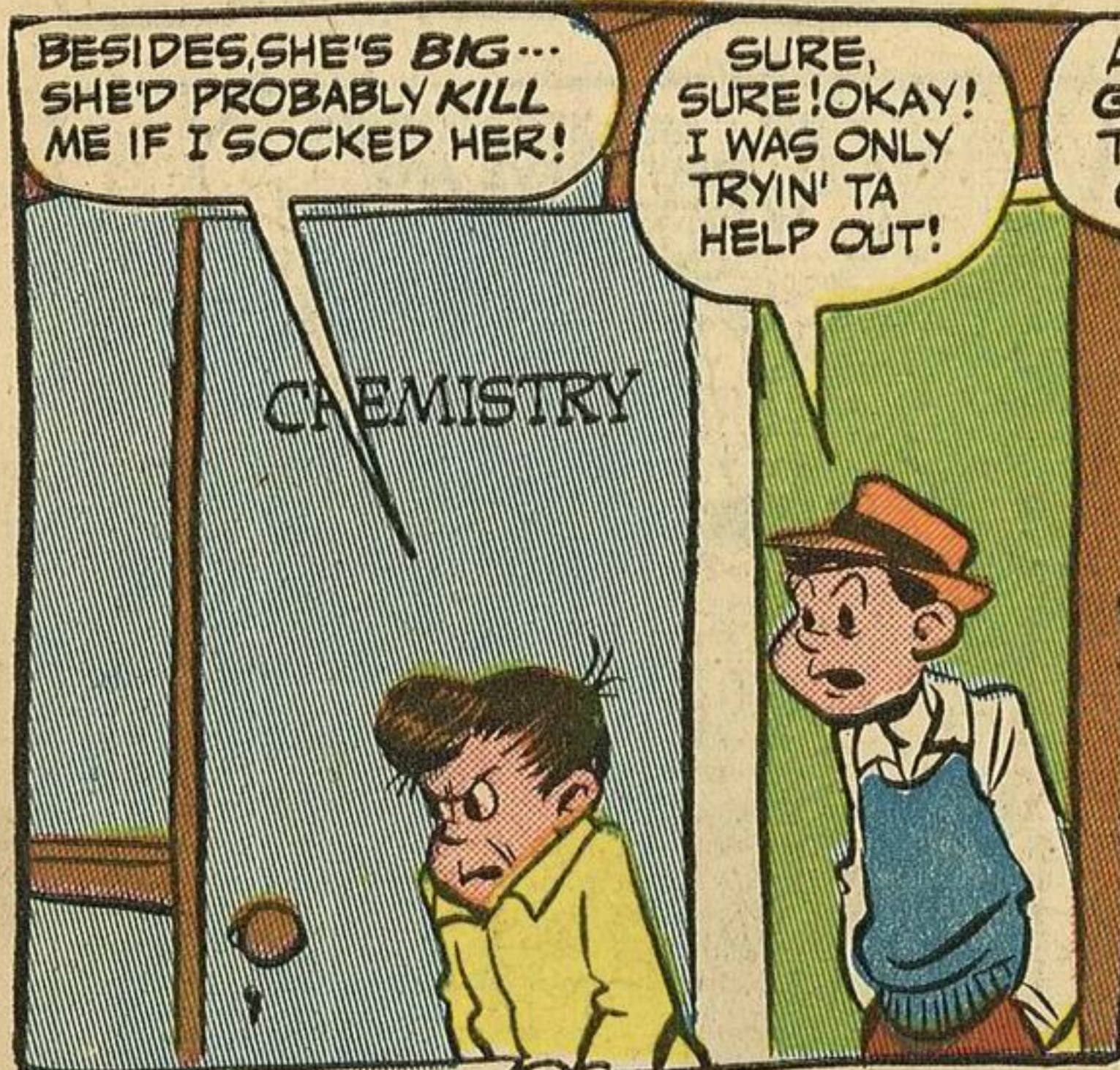
...AND WHAT I'M GOING TO ADD! HEH-HEH!

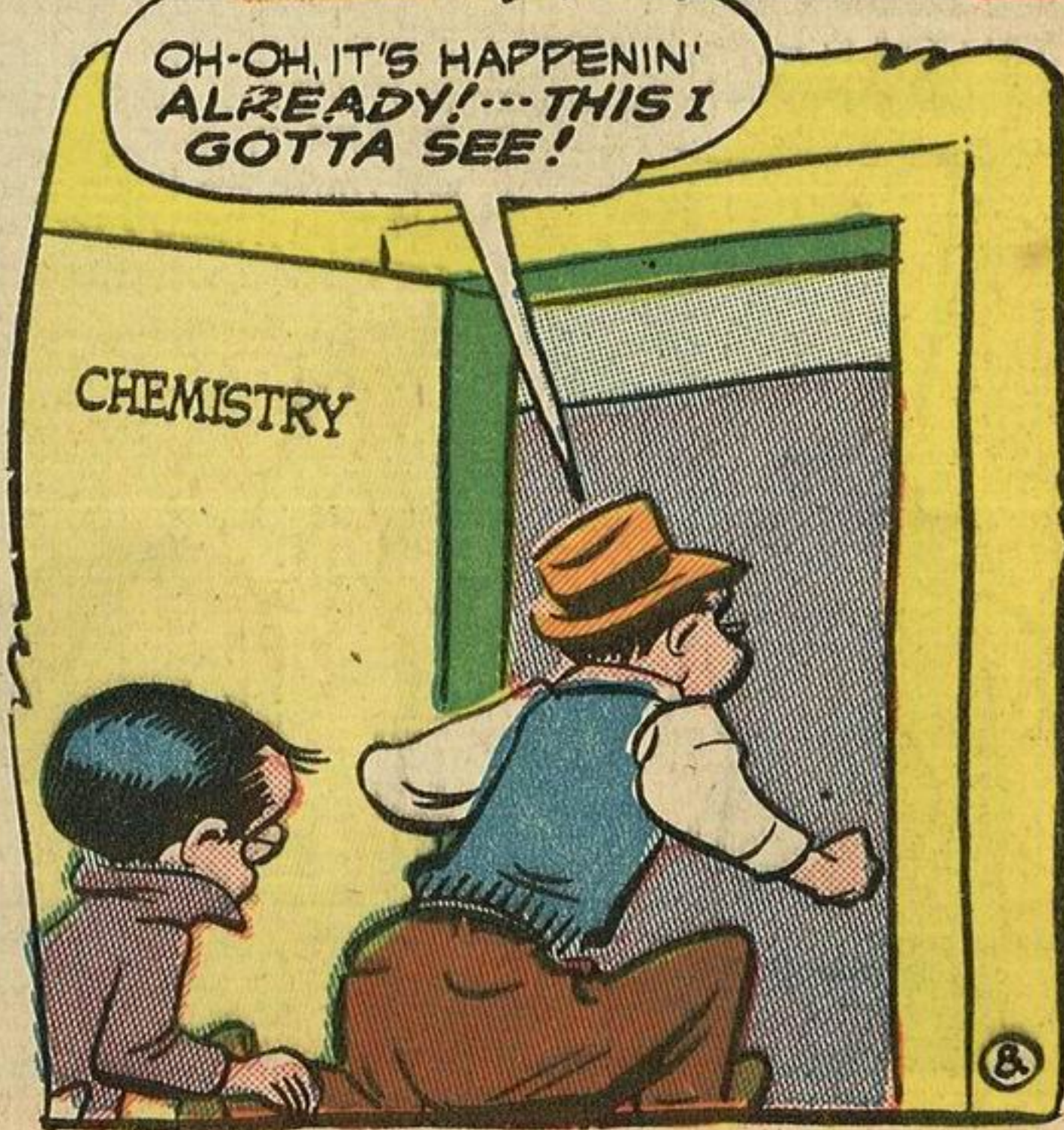
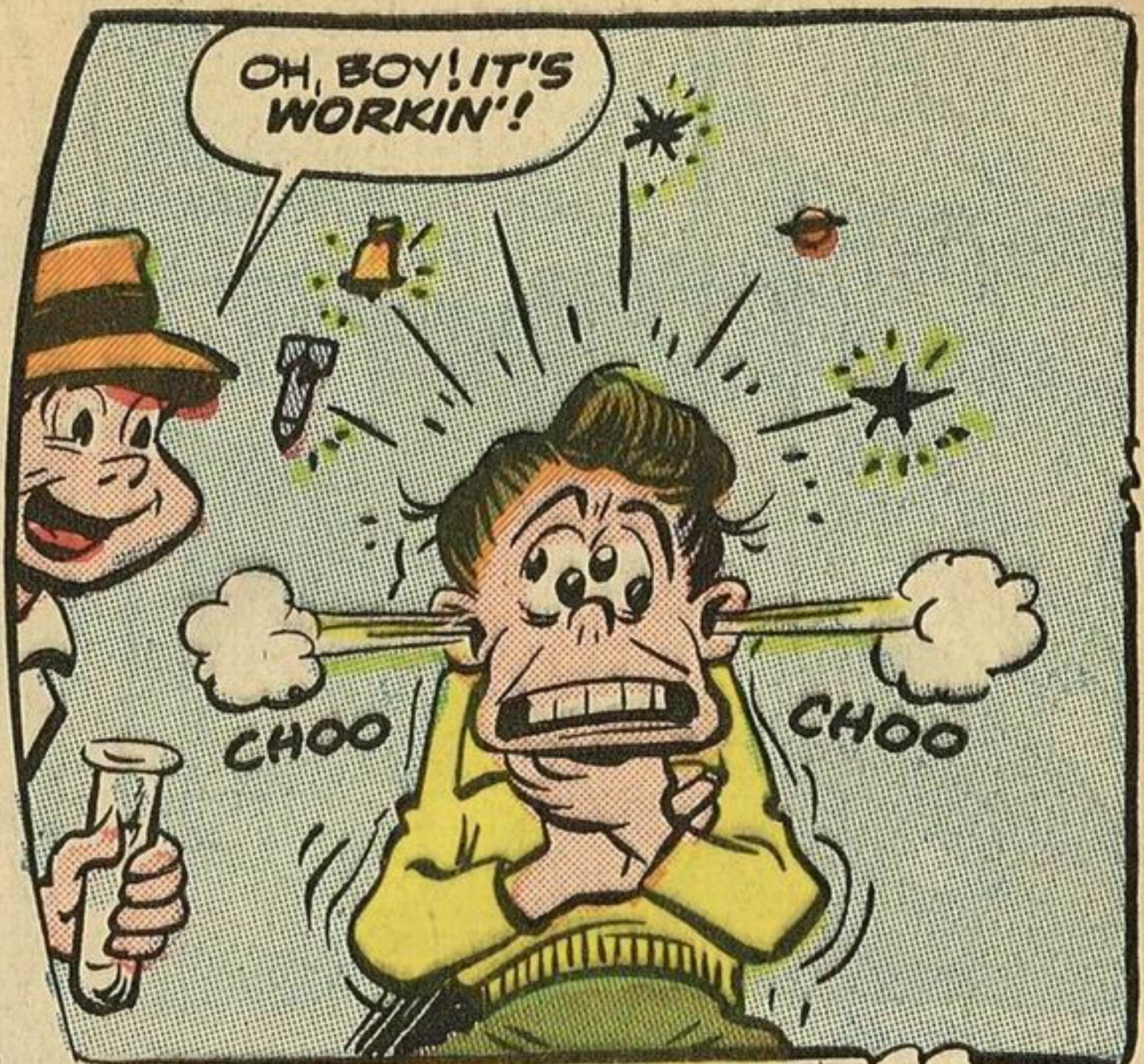
WELL, M'BOY! THAT'S QUITE A TRIBUTE, EVEN IF IT ISN'T A GOOD LIKENESS! YESSIR, I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU'RE HAPPY ABOUT MY CHOOSING YOU FOR THAT TRIP!

SMACK!

PRINCIPAL

COOKIE







IT WORKED!
LOOK...IT'S
HER!

INK,
NO
LESS!

OH-OH...THE
PRINCIPAL!
...DUCK!

WHY,COOKIE...
WHAT'S THIS?WHAT'S
HAPPENED?



OO-HOO...
WOT GIVES?
I CAN'T
SEE!



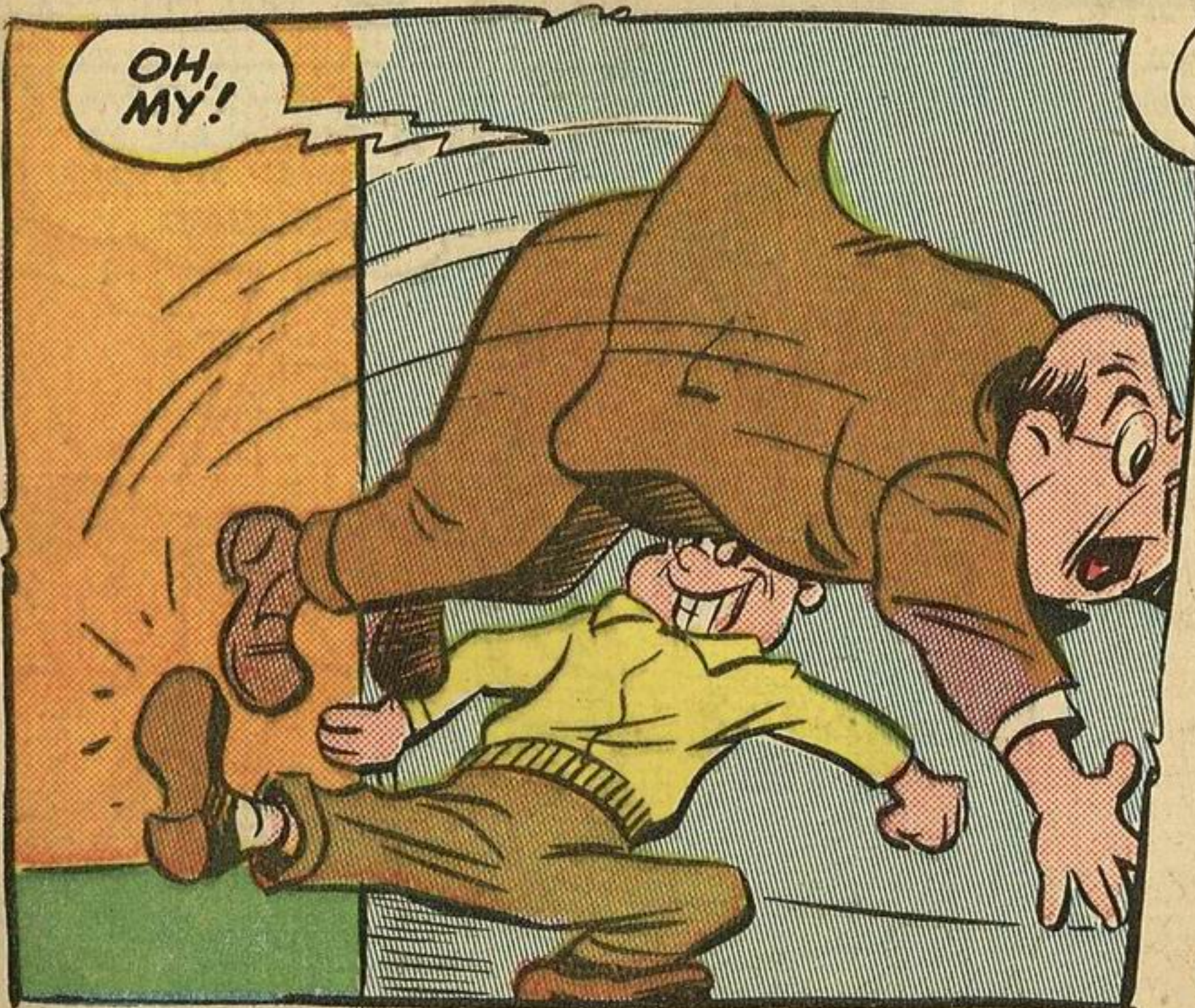
IF YOU REALLY
WANT TO KNOW,
FATTY...JUST GET
AROUND THE
CORNER THERE
AND WALK
TOWARDS
ME!

??



LIKE
THIS?

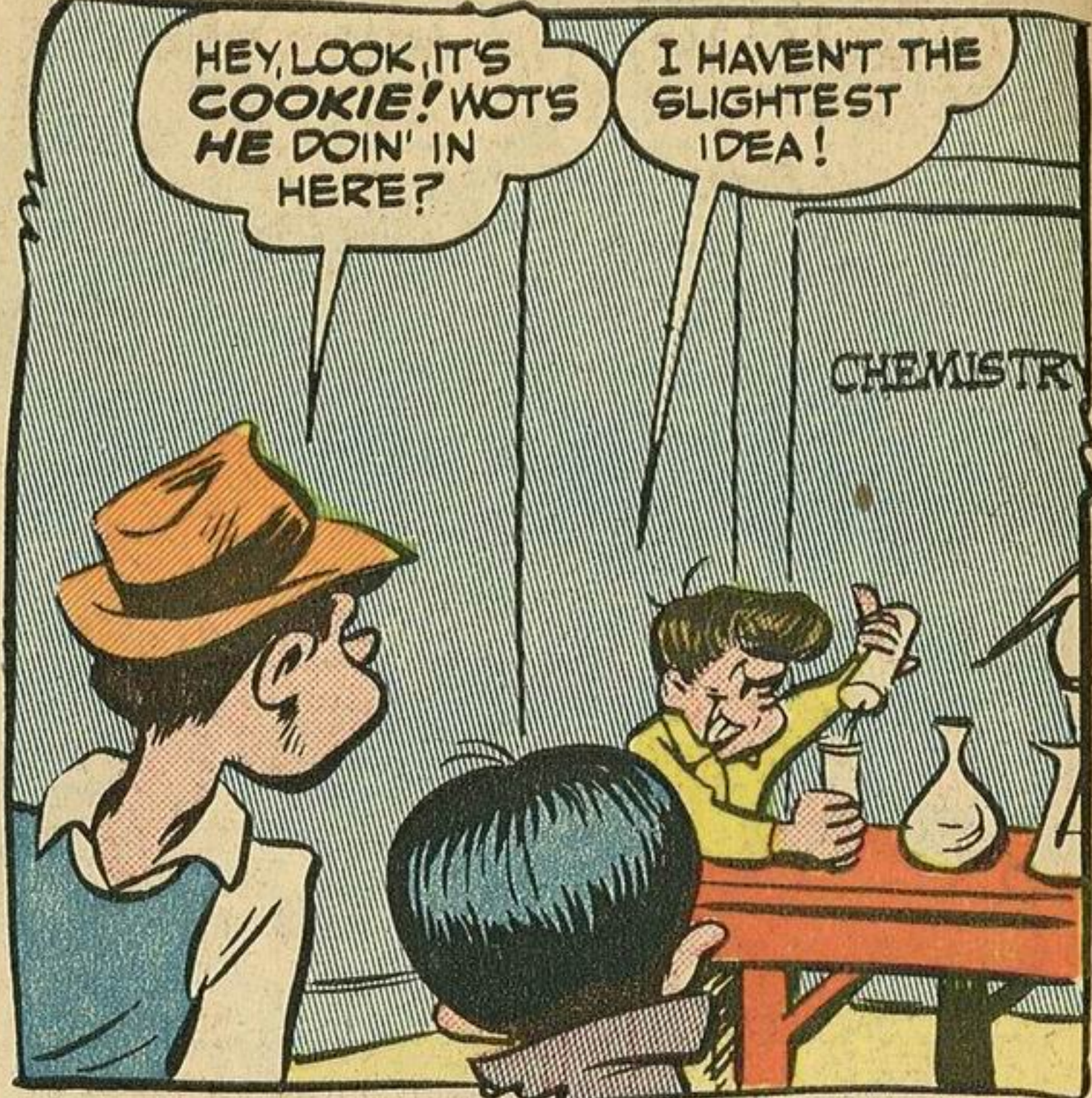
YEAH,BUT
WALK
FASTER!

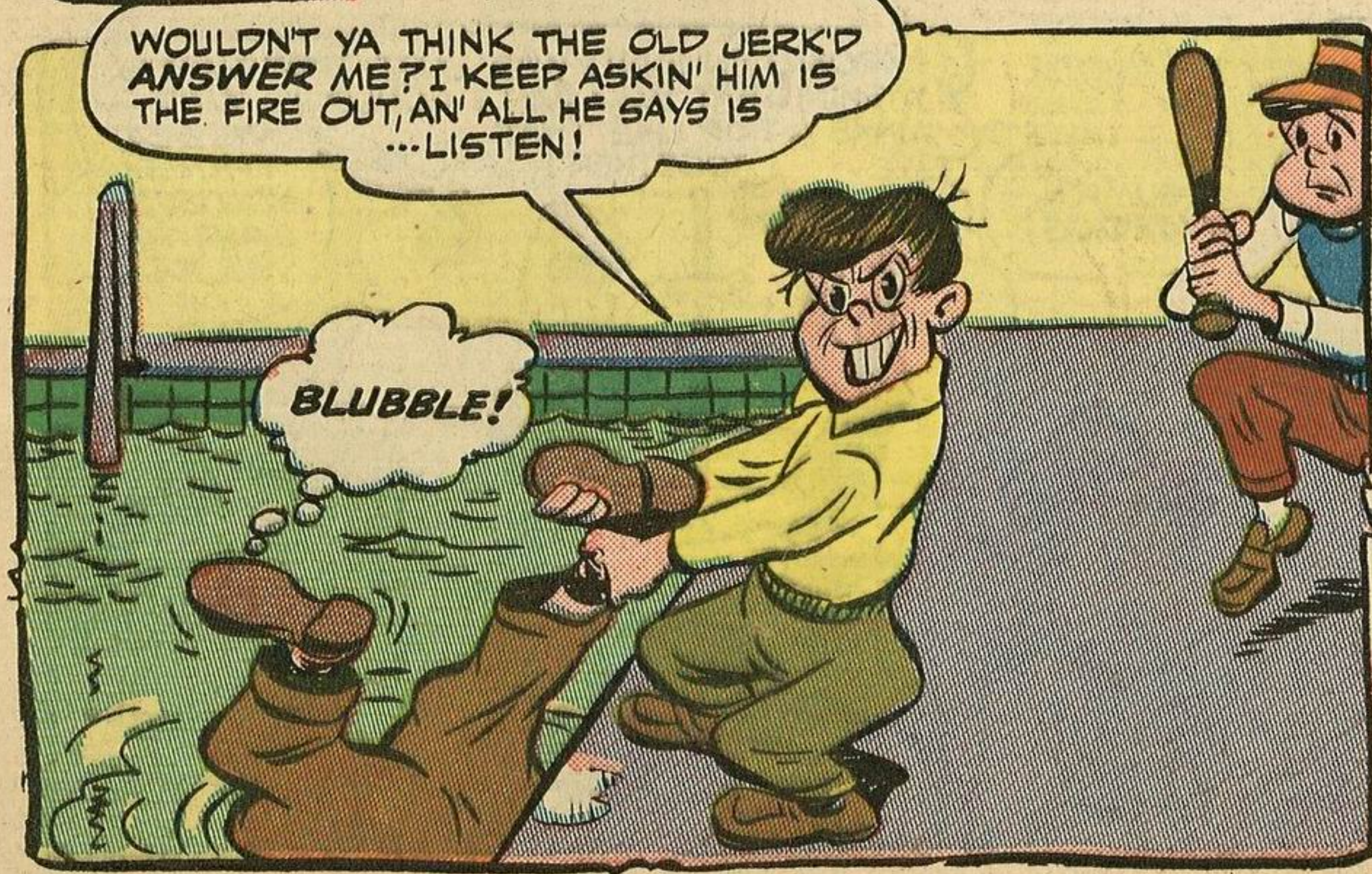
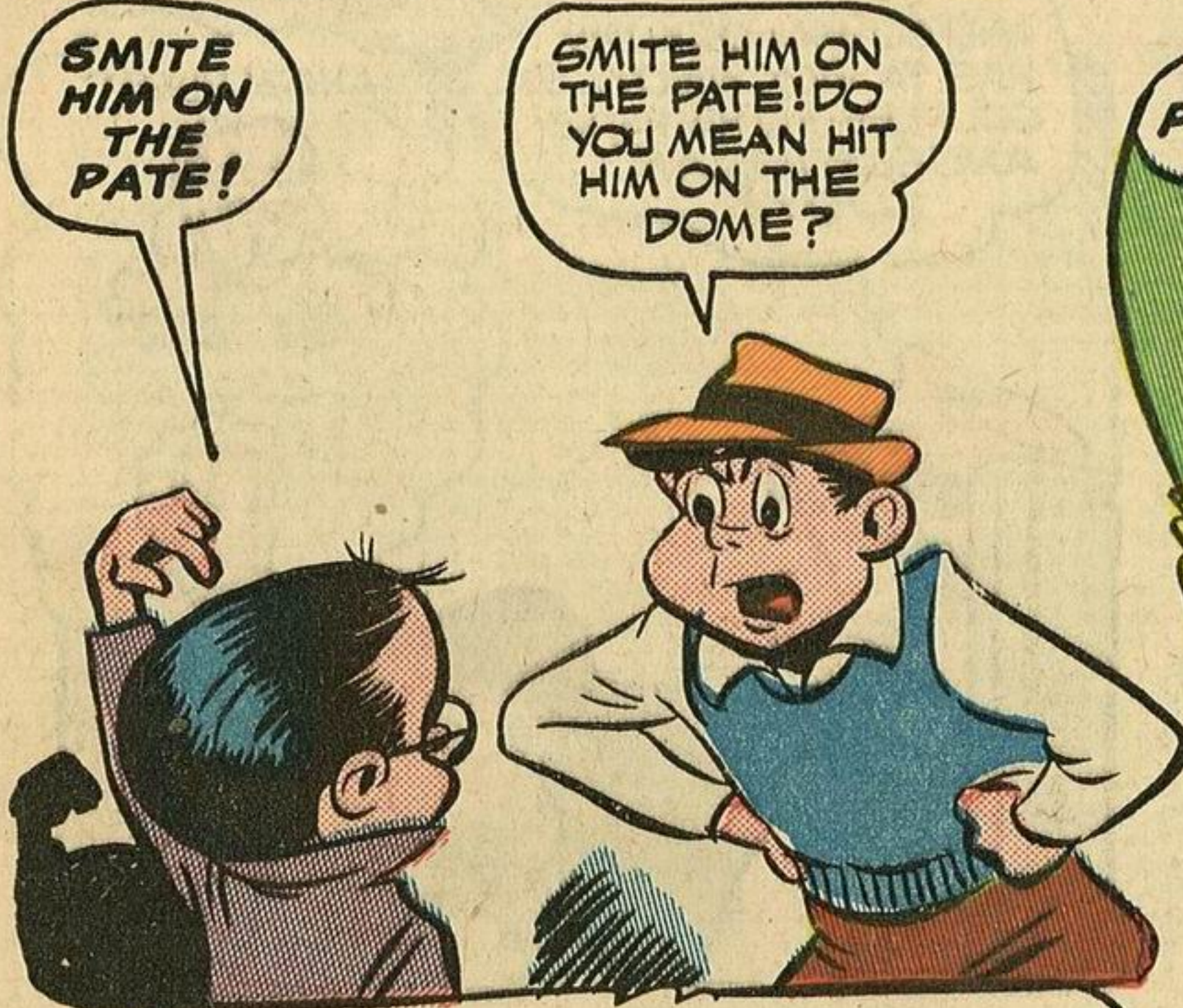


OH,
MY!

SEE WOT YA
GET FER BEIN'
NOSEY?







Later...

...SO AFTER WE BAIL THE OLD GUY OUT, I EXPLAIN THAT MAYBE YOU BLEW YER TOP FROM OVER-STUDY, AN' THE NEWS OF YER TRIP TO BERMUDA WAS JUST TOO MUCH FOR YA! AN' HE SAID THAT MUST BE IT... AN' WELL, ANYWAY, HE **FORGIVES YA!**

GEE, THANKS, PAL!



WELL, WHEN THE GOON GAL HEARS **YOU'RE NOT GOIN'**, SHE SAYS **SHE'LL STAY HOME TOO...**

OH, PEACHY! AND...?



YESSIR, I TOLD YA I COULD FIX IT SO'S YA WOULDN'T HAFTA GO ON THAT CRUISE!

YEAH...HOW ABOUT THAT? WHO'S GOIN' IN MY PLACE?



AND SO MR. LOCKJAW HAS TA PICK ANOTH'ER COUPLE...SO HE PICKS **ANGELPUSS AN' ZOOT!**

ANGELPUSS!

ZOOT!



OH, N-NO!



SUMP'N WRONG?



WRONG? UH-UH! I WAS JUST WISHIN' THAT **YOU AN' I** COULD MAKE A TRIP LIKE THAT TOGETHER!



THAT'S THE NICEST THING YOU EVER SAID TO ME, PAL!



LORRIE

by
AL HARTLEY

HERE ARE YOUR
CAR KEYS...THANK
YOU, SIR!

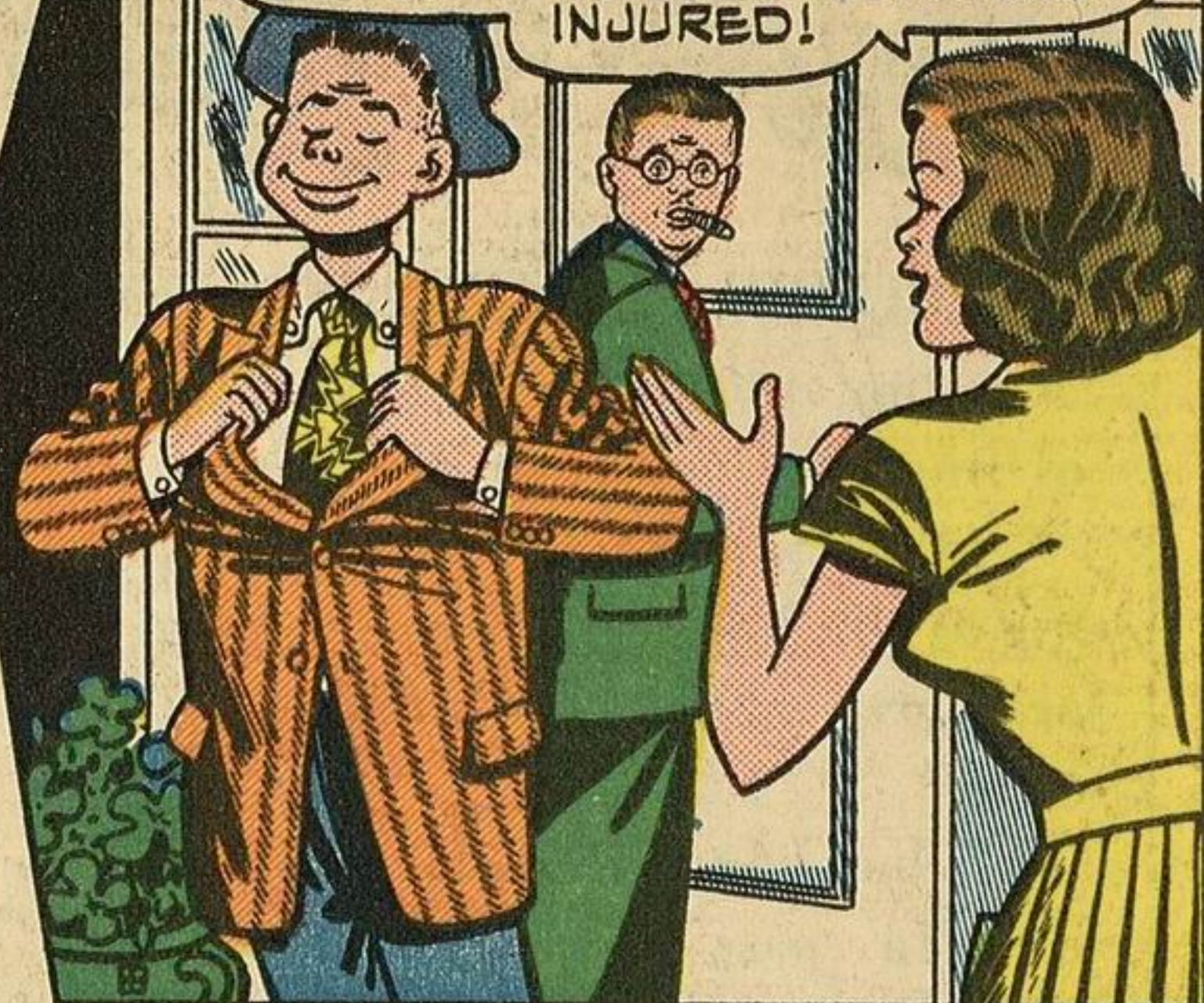


GOOD HEAVENS!
WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL, DOOTSIE
PASSED A CAR ON
THE HIGHWAY! WE
WEREN'T GOING
TOO FAST...



OH, WHAT A DRIVER DOOTSIE IS,
DAD! WHY, HE SAVED MY LIFE!
I COULD HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY
INJURED!



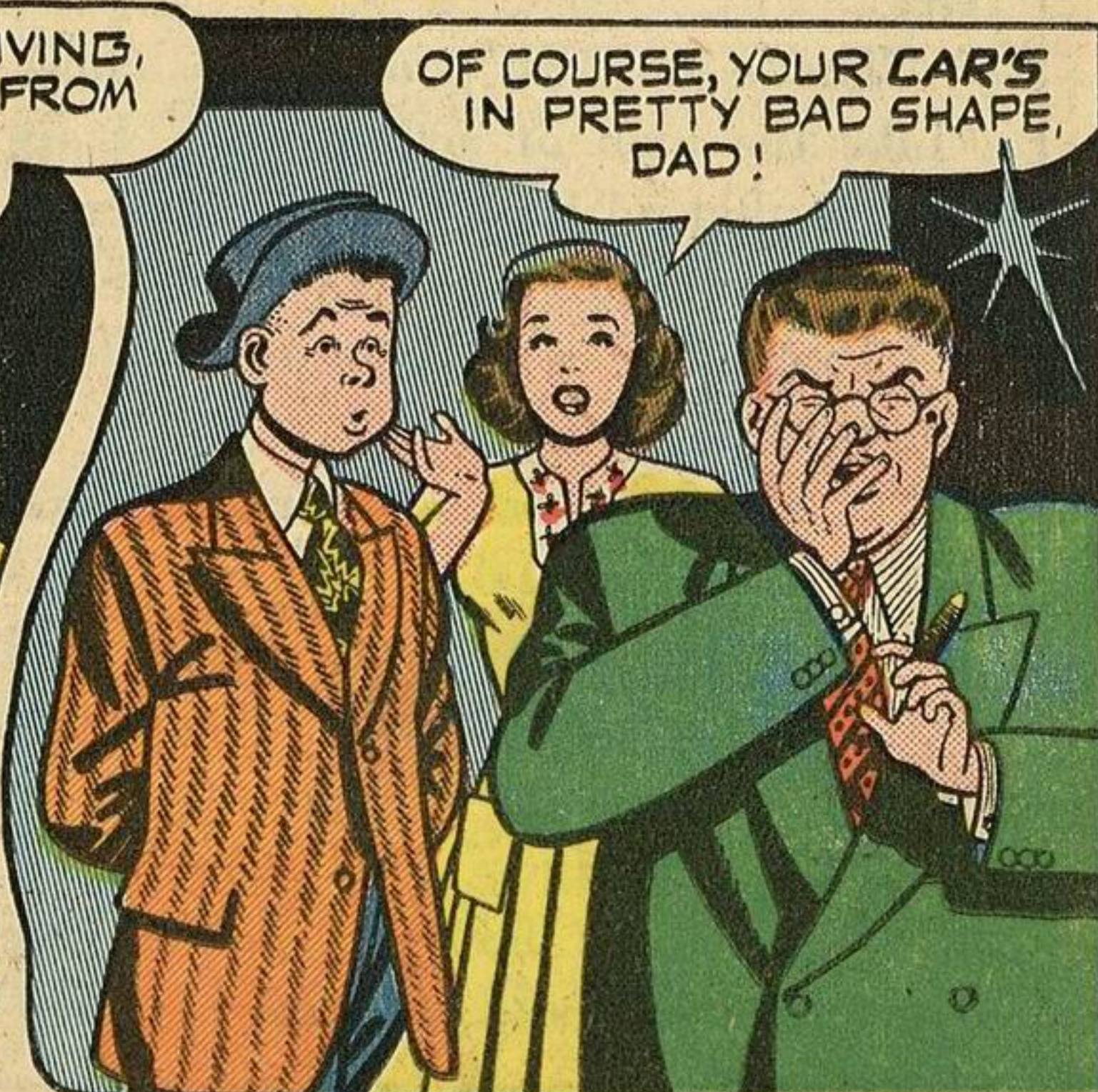
SUDDENLY, A BIG TRUCK LOOMED
STRAIGHT AT US! I SCREAMED!
HORNS HONKED! BRAKES
SCREECHED!



BUT BY SKILFUL DRIVING,
DOOTSIE SAVED ME FROM
GETTING A SINGLE
SCRATCH!



OF COURSE, YOUR CAR'S
IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE,
DAD!



A MAN of RESPONSIBILITY

JITTERBUCK JONES came strutting into the Soda Jerkerie, a look of immense pride on his face.

"Stop the music!" he ordered, pointing at the juke box. "Listen, gang, you are now gazing at a *man of distinction!*"

"What happened, Jit? What did ya do? Ya pass history, or something?" The gang crowded around and asked eager questions.

"History, he says! That's *kid* stuff! I'm in the *big league* now! Got myself a *real job!*"

"What kind of job?"

"Doing what?"

"Read this, knotheds!" With a magnificent gesture, Jit tossed an ad, clipped from the morning paper, on the top of the fountain counter.

"Hmm," Cookie read aloud, "this is a want ad. It says . . . 'Intelligent young man, able to control subordinates, responsible, calm in emergencies!'"

"That's *me!*" Jit pounded his chest. "Like the man of action I am, I answered that ad by phone this mornin' and I'm in! I start tonight!"

"Tonight? Isn't that rather odd?" Angelpuss asked.

"It figures, Angel. It's an unusual job for an unusual man, see? Guess the hours have ta be sorta special, too! Well, cheerio, children . . . I've got to see my dad about a double-breasted pin-striped business suit!"

With a wide flourish, Jit left the Soda Jerkerie and a gang of open-

mouthed, puzzled friends behind him.

It was Cookie O'Toole who spoke first. "This is by all means very interestin'," he commented.

"I wonder what kind of a job it is," Angel said.

"That oughta be easy, since I saw the address in the ad," Cookie smiled. "Why don't we go over and sorta reconnoiter?"

The gang met at the corner of Maple and Spruce that night and proceeded straight to the target, a pretty little house with a large picture window facing the street.

"Hey," whispered Cookie, "there's Jit, talkin' to a man."

"Now they're shakin' hands," Zoot observed. "Looks like a big business deal!"

"Now the man and a woman are leaving . . . except that Jit *isn't!*" Angel said. "And, look! Aren't they *adorable?*"

"No, it *can't* be! *Four* of 'em! Quadruplets! Jit's *baby-sitting* for *quadruplets!*" Cookie almost doubled up with laughter.

At that moment, four tiny mouths opened wide, four pairs of eyes squeezed tight in anger, and four lusty howls filled the air! The gang could see Jit, a bitter expression on his face, hopping around the room in a frantic way.

"Well, they wanted a man to control subordinates and face emergencies," Angelpuss smiled.

"Jit's got 'em," Cookie stated flatly. "*Four of 'em!*"

HOWDY HAIL

SEAS ALL

LOOK, MORT!!
THEY'RE SO
TAME, THEY'LL
EAT OFF MY
HAND!!



SAL'S LEAV-
ING ON
VACATION
FOR FLORIDA!
BUT...

YOU TWO BETTER STOP FIGHTIN'. OVER
WHO'S GONNA GIVE SAL THE BIGGEST
BOUQUET — 'CAUSE HER
TRAIN IS PULLIN' OUT
RIGHT NOW!

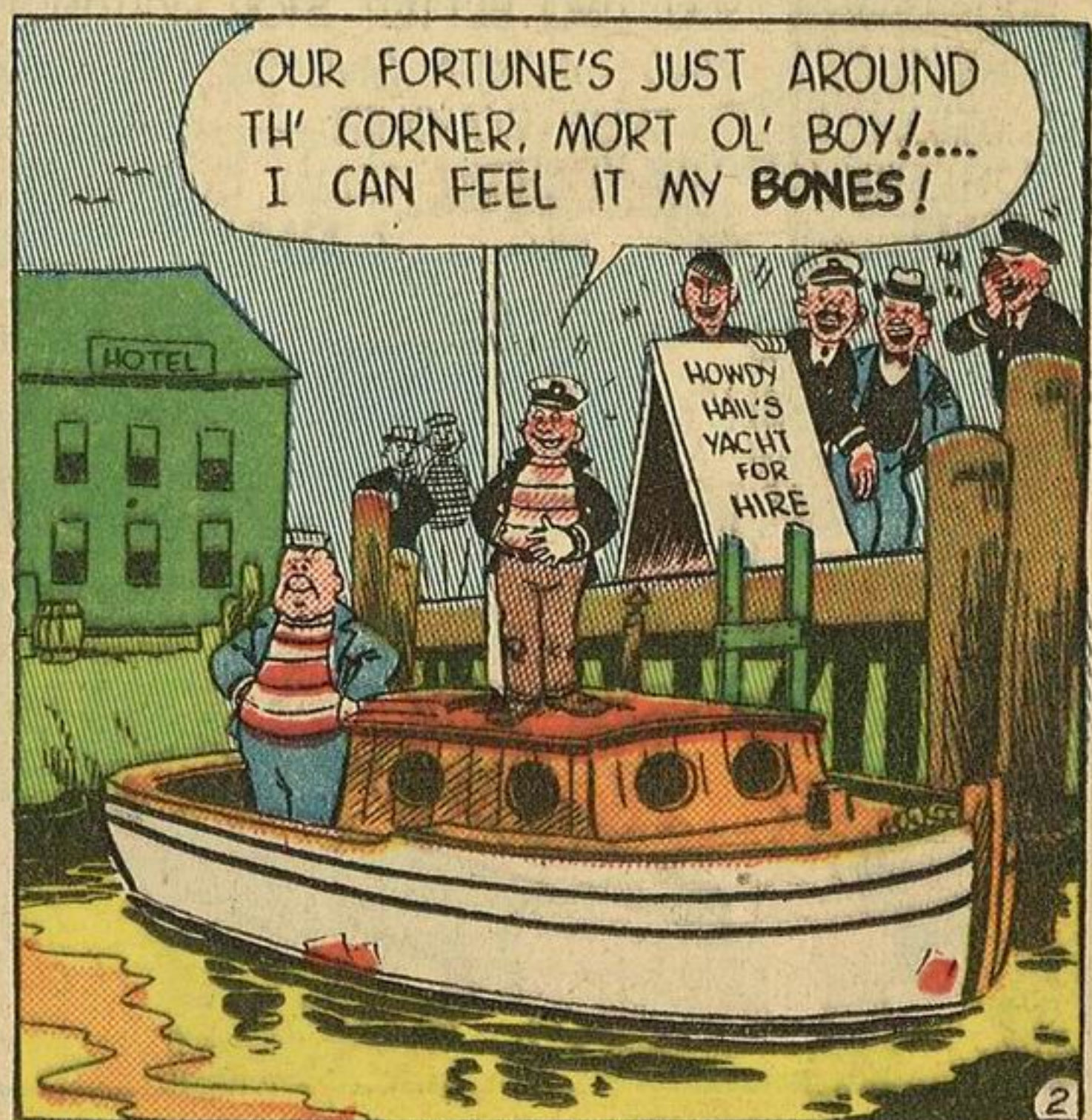
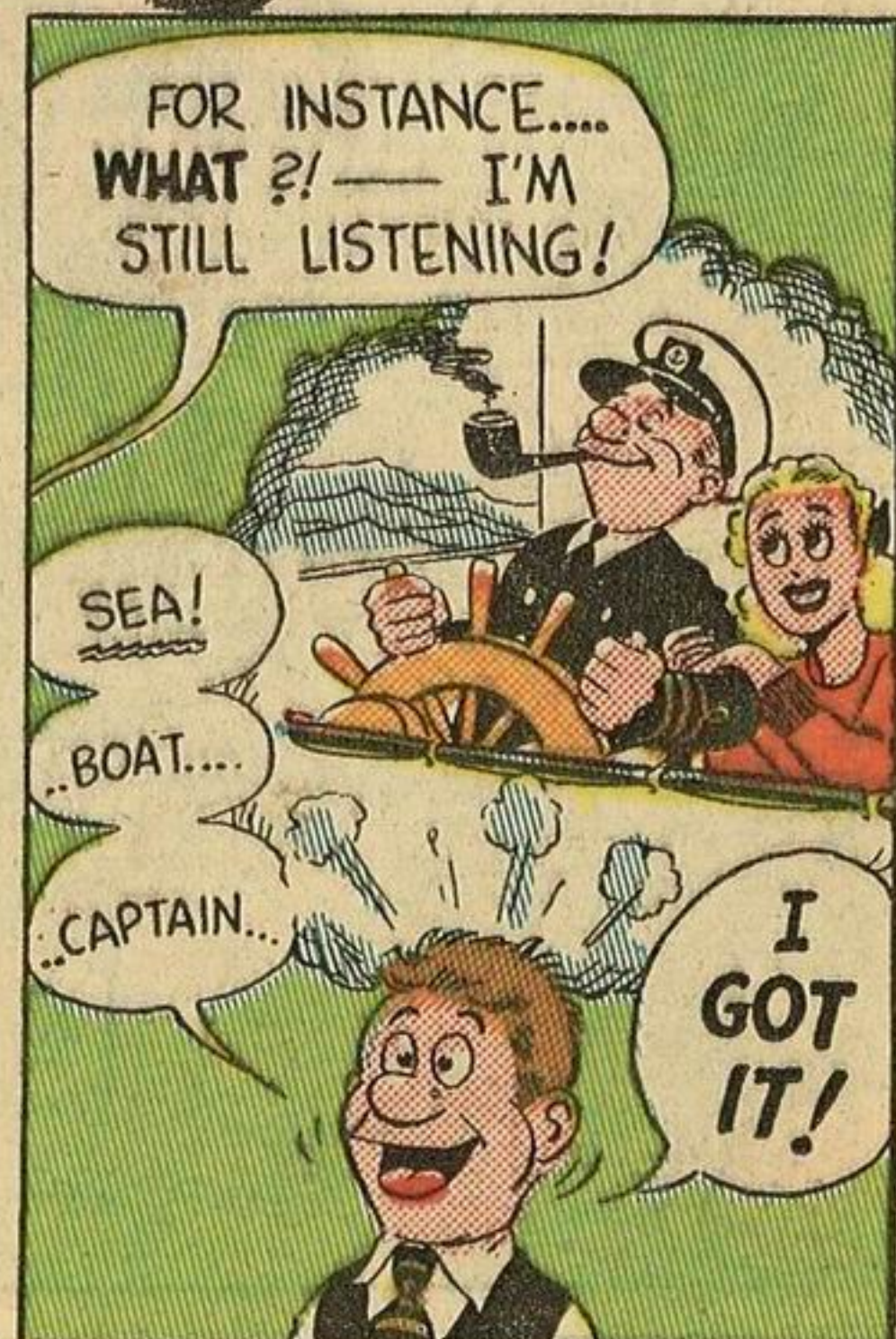
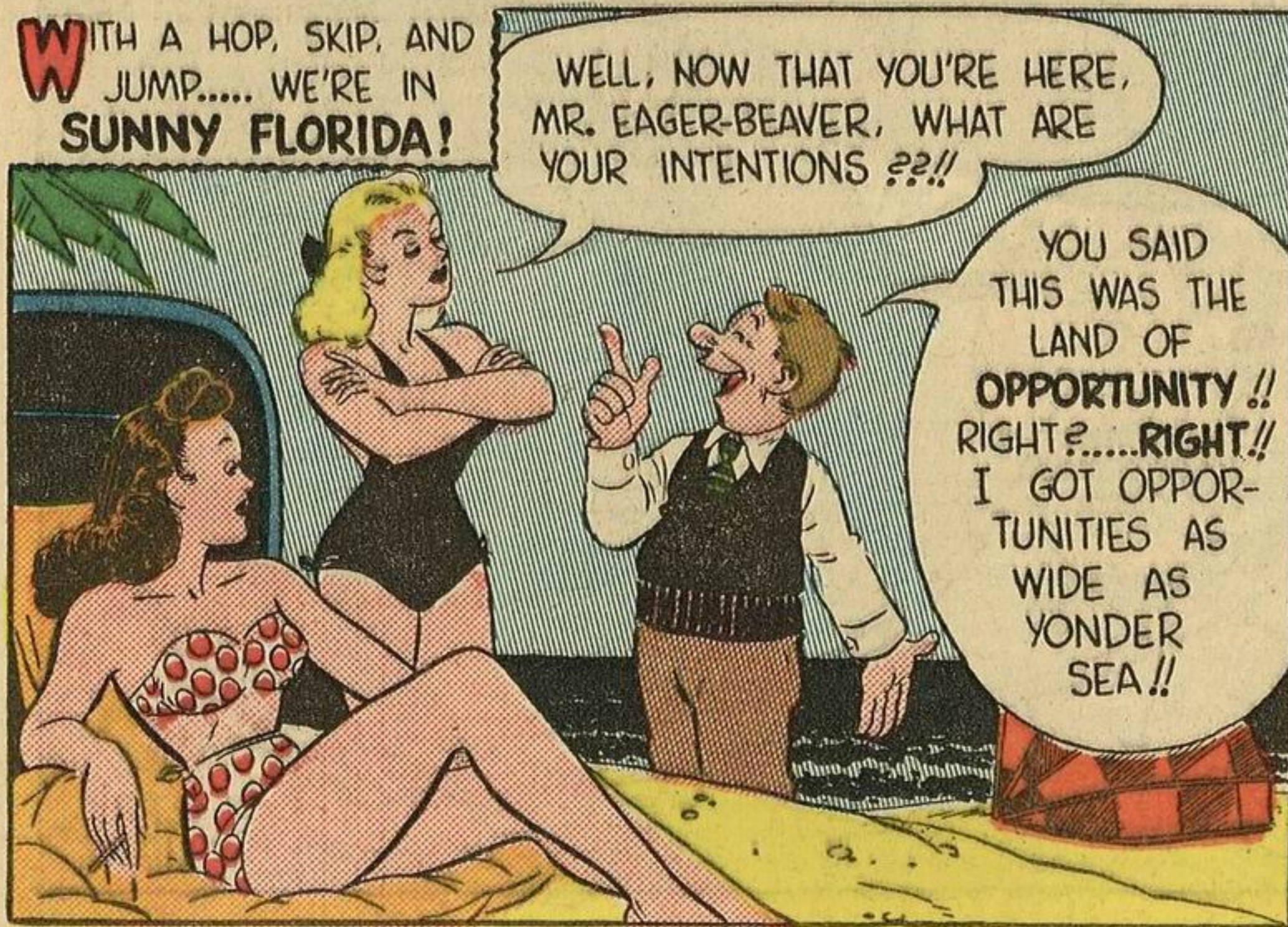
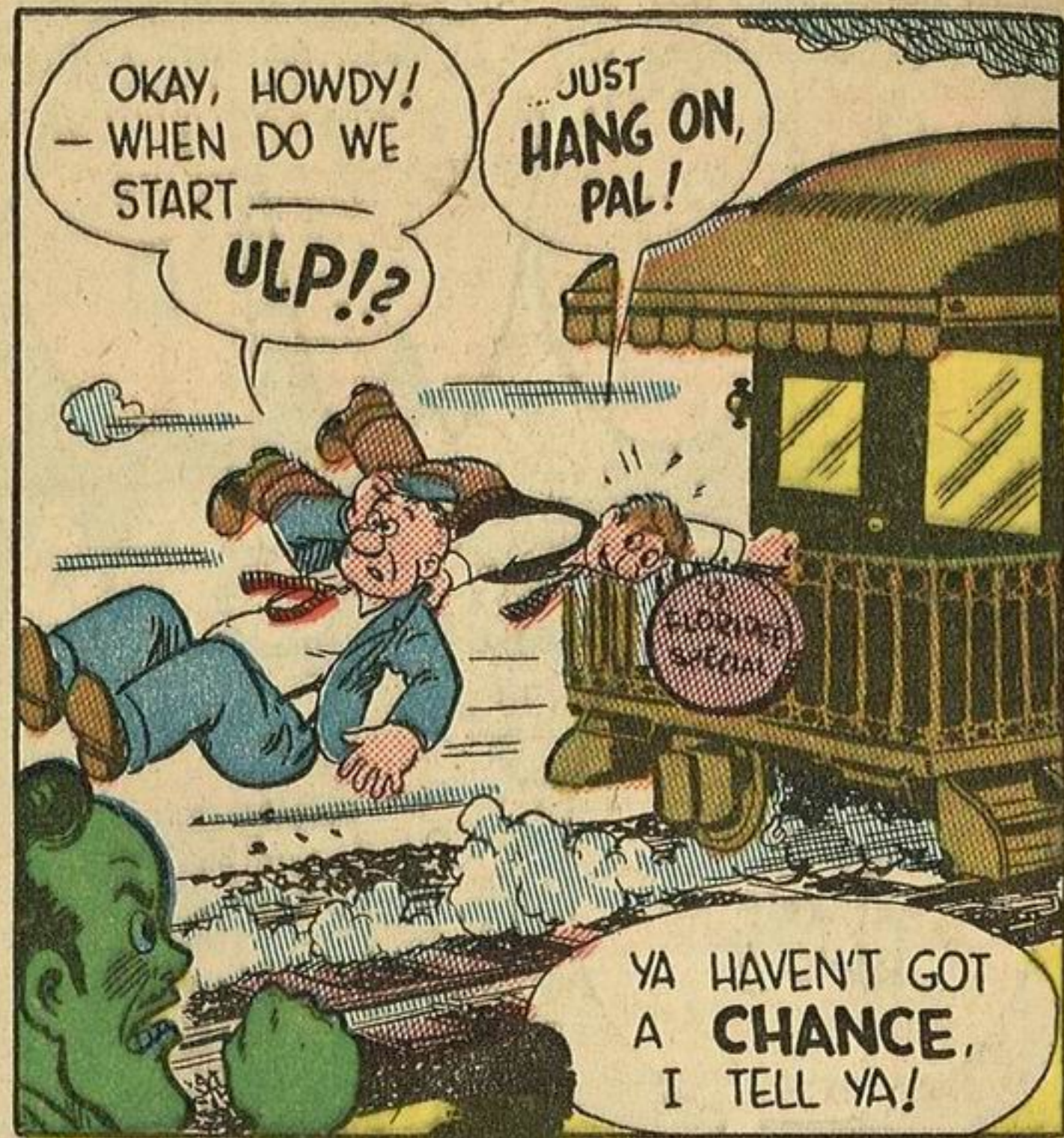
ALL
ABOARD!



AW,
GEE,
SAL!!
SURE
GONNA
MISS
YOU
!!

IT'S YOUR OWN CHOICE!! IF
YOU'D RATHER STAY UP
HERE AND TINKER WITH
THAT OLD RACE CAR THAN
COME SOUTH TO THE LAND
OF **OPPORTUNITY**, THAT'S
NO AFFAIR OF MINE!!





MUCH LATER:

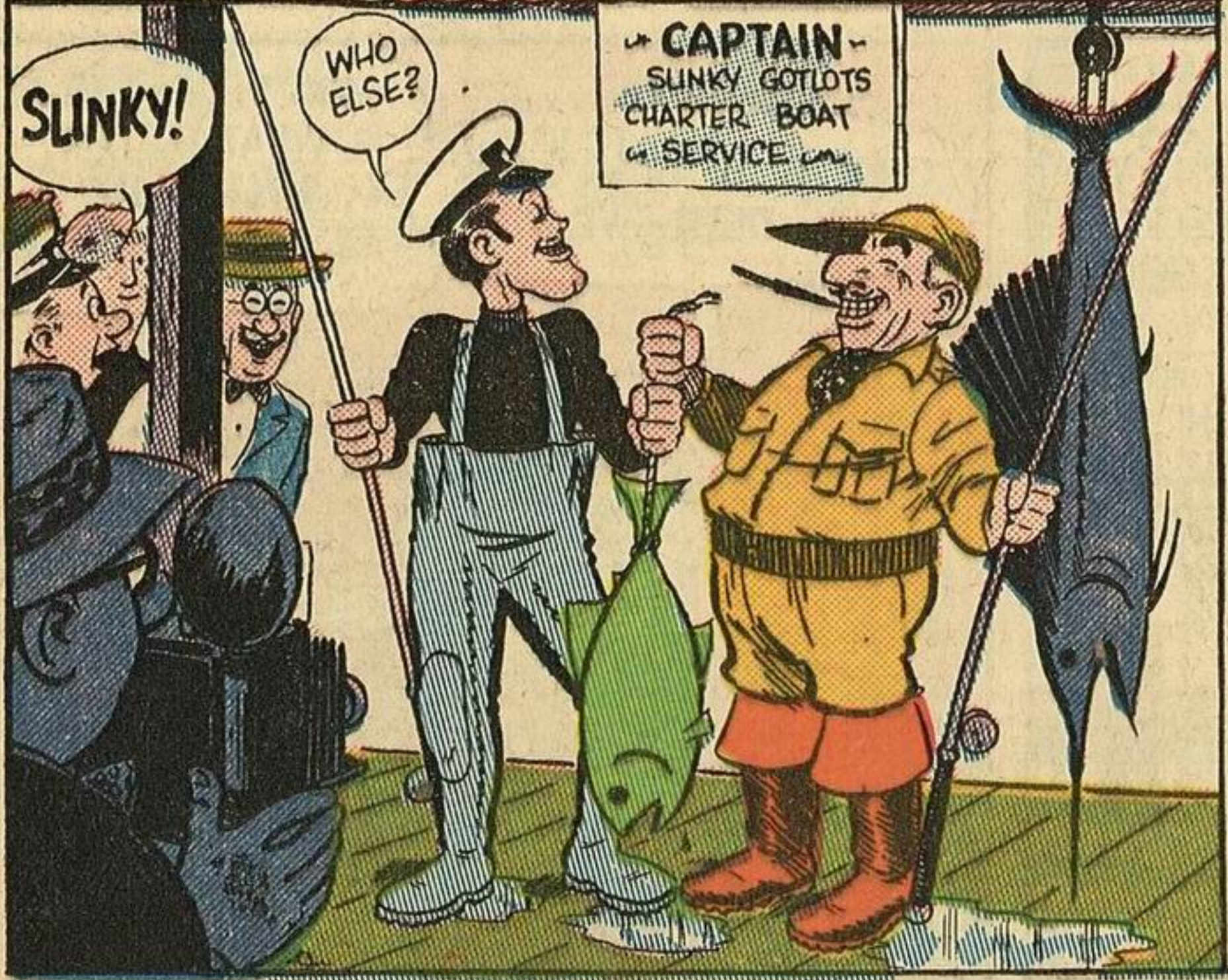
NOT A SINGLE CUSTOMER IN **TEN** DAYS!!— **FOOEY!!** I'M SO HUNGRY, I COULD EAT MY OWN HAND!

YACHT FOR HIRE

ALL THE BUSINESS SEEMS TO BE OVER YONDER, HOWDY!



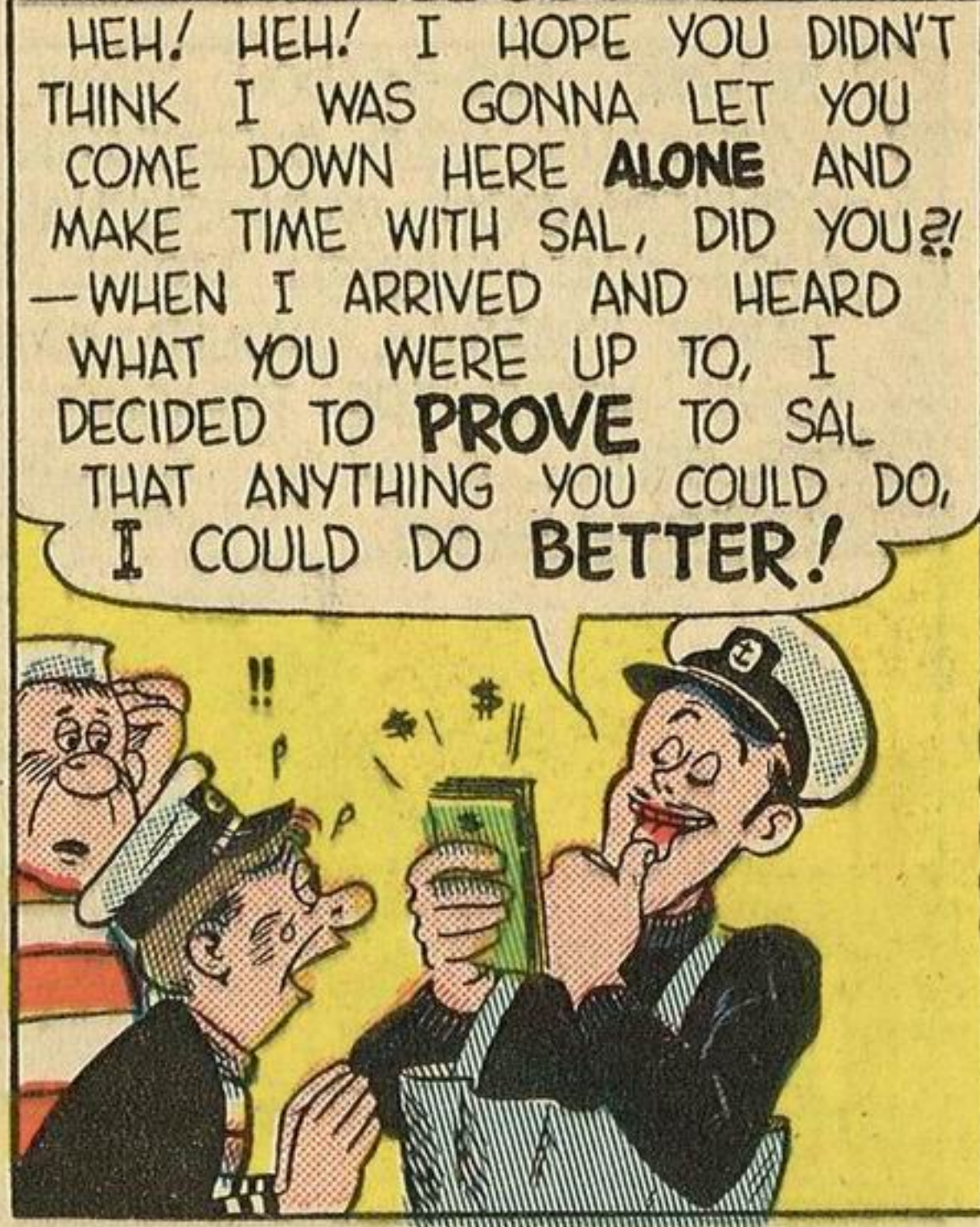
WOW! LOOK AT THAT CROWD! LET'S GO SEE WHAT THEY'VE GOT THAT **WE** HAVEN'T GOT— BESIDES ALL THE CUSTOMERS AND A NEW BOAT!



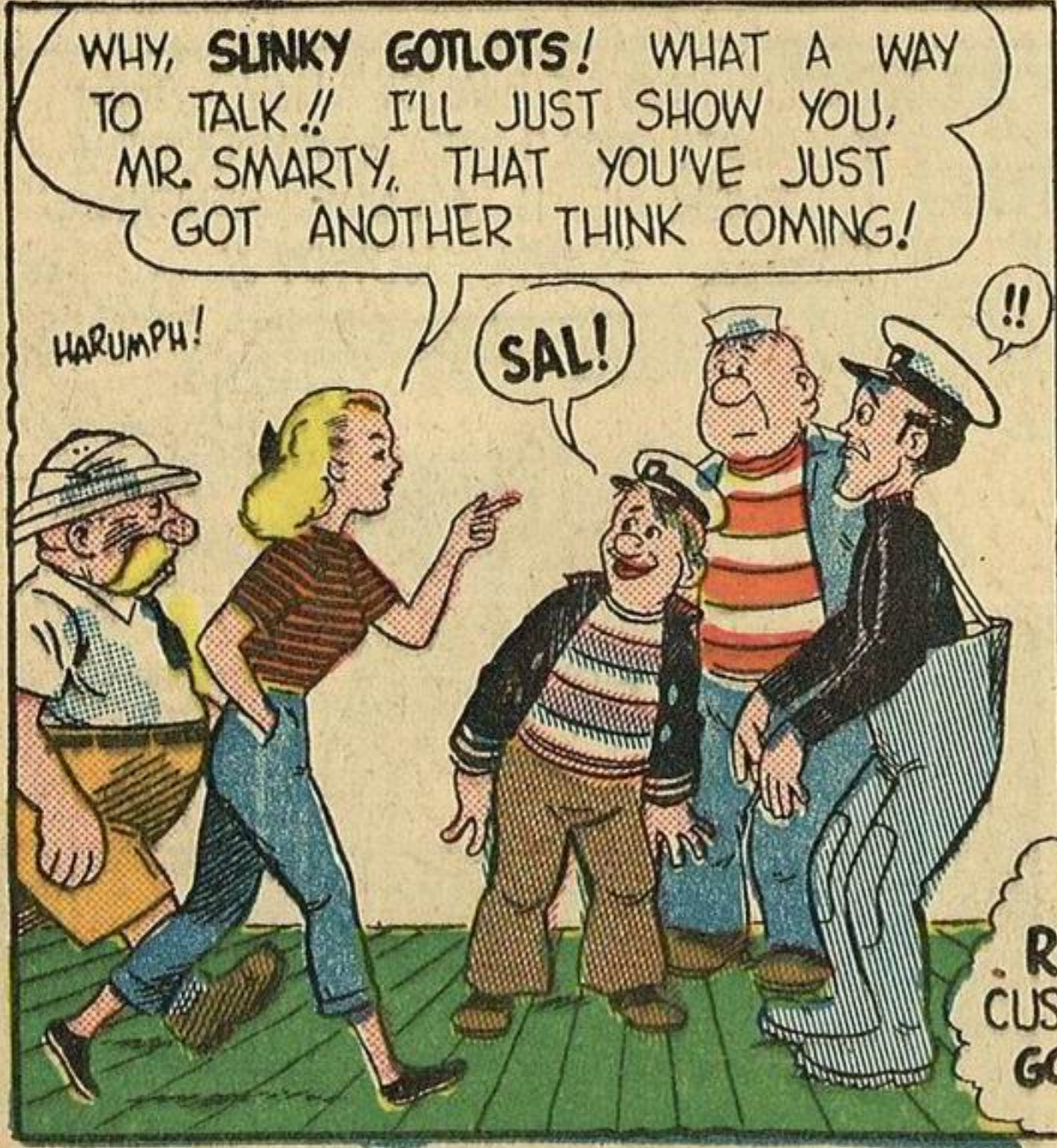
SINKY!

WHO ELSE?

CAPTAIN SUNKY GOTLOTS CHARTER BOAT SERVICE



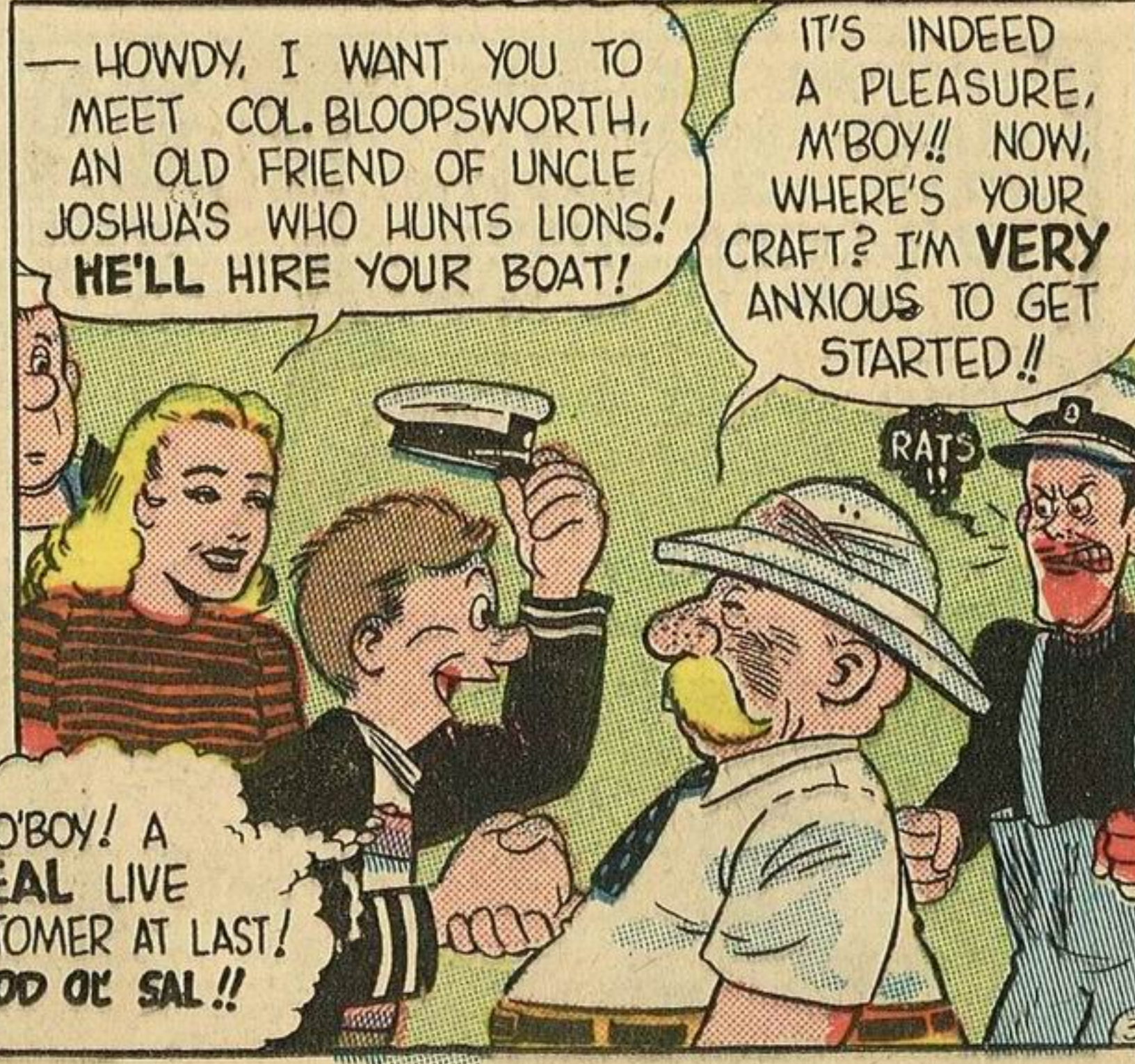
HEH! HEH! I HOPE YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS GONNA LET YOU COME DOWN HERE **ALONE** AND MAKE TIME WITH SAL, DID YOU?!— WHEN I ARRIVED AND HEARD WHAT YOU WERE UP TO, I DECIDED TO **PROVE** TO SAL THAT ANYTHING YOU COULD DO, I COULD DO **BETTER!**



WHY, **SUNKY GOTLOTS!** WHAT A WAY TO TALK!! I'LL JUST SHOW YOU, MR. SMARTY, THAT YOU'VE JUST GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!

HARUMPH!

SAL!

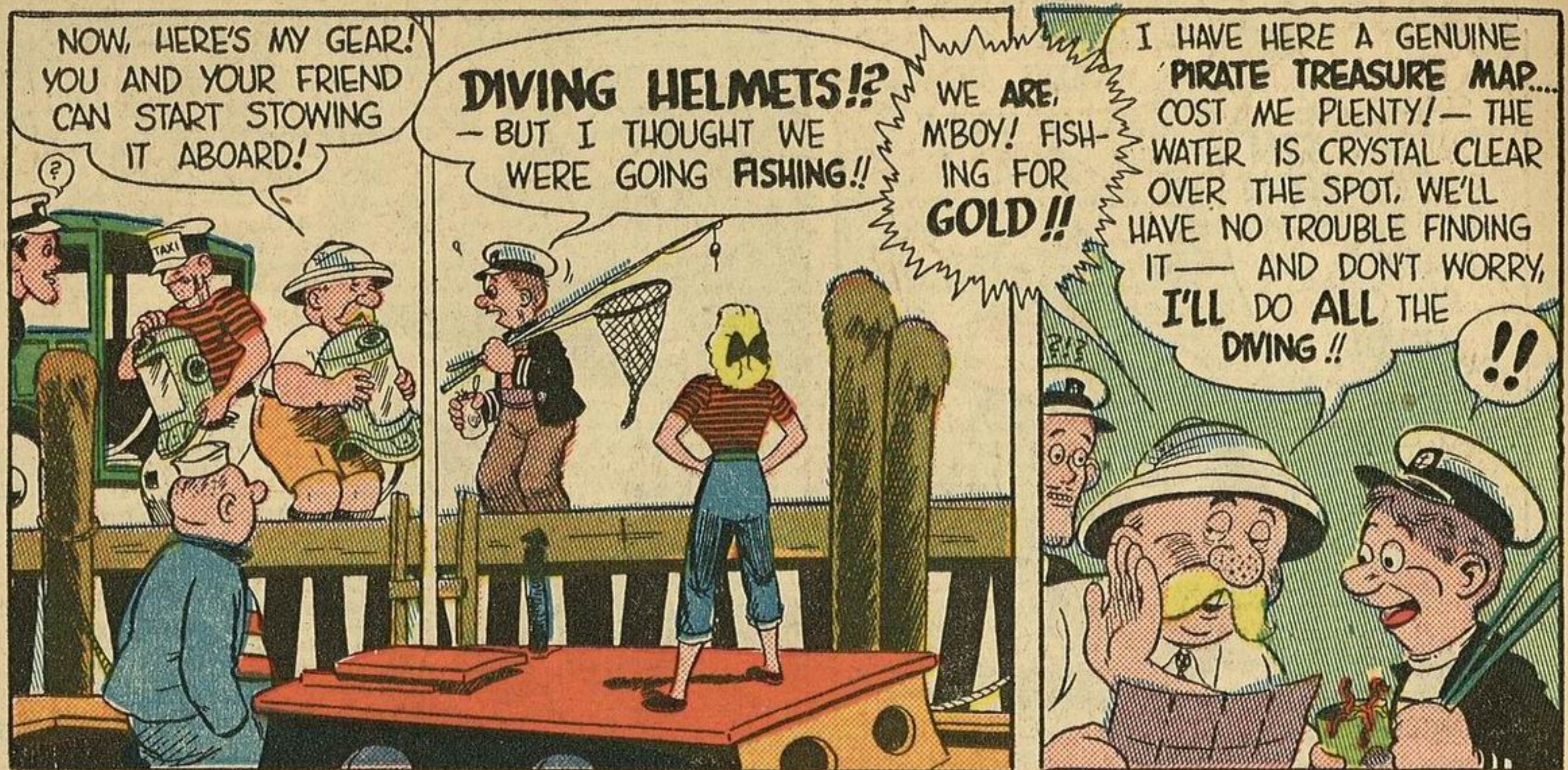


— HOWDY, I WANT YOU TO MEET COL. BLOOPSWORTH, AN OLD FRIEND OF UNCLE JOSHUA'S WHO HUNTS LIONS! **HE'LL HIRE YOUR BOAT!**

IT'S INDEED A PLEASURE, M'BOY!! NOW, WHERE'S YOUR CRAFT? I'M **VERY** ANXIOUS TO GET STARTED!!

O'BOY! A **REAL LIVE** CUSTOMER AT LAST! **GOOD OL' SAL!!**

RATS!!

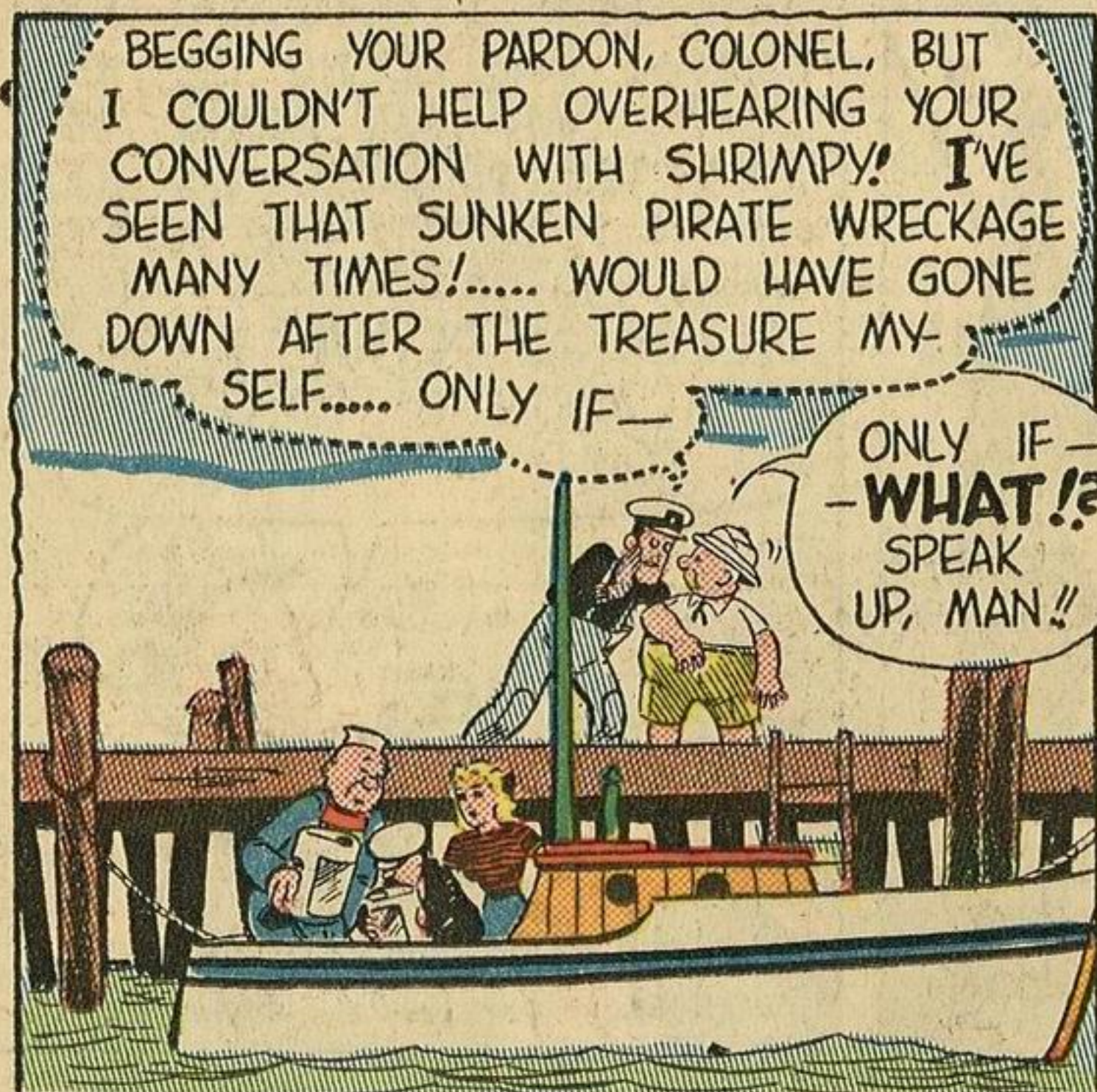


NOW, HERE'S MY GEAR!
YOU AND YOUR FRIEND
CAN START STOWING
IT ABOARD!

DIVING HELMETS!?
— BUT I THOUGHT WE
WERE GOING FISHING!!

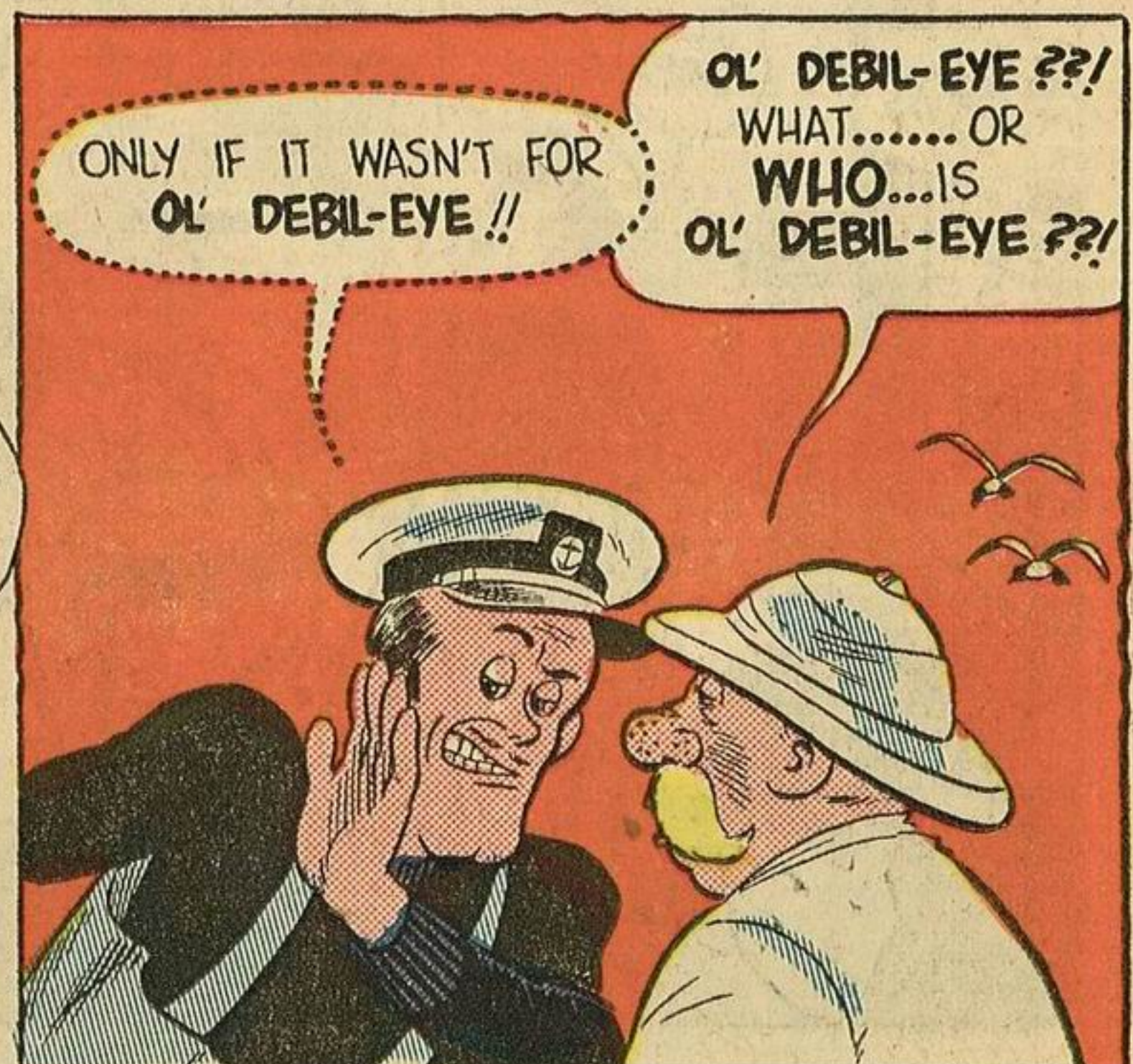
WE ARE,
M'BOY! FISH-
ING FOR
GOLD!!

I HAVE HERE A GENUINE
PIRATE TREASURE MAP...
COST ME PLENTY!— THE
WATER IS CRYSTAL CLEAR
OVER THE SPOT, WE'LL
HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING
IT— AND DON'T WORRY,
**I'LL DO ALL THE
DIVING!!**



BEGGING YOUR PARDON, COLONEL, BUT
I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOUR
CONVERSATION WITH SHRIMPY! I'VE
SEEN THAT SUNKEN PIRATE WRECKAGE
MANY TIMES!.... WOULD HAVE GONE
DOWN AFTER THE TREASURE MY-
SELF.... ONLY IF—

ONLY IF—
—WHAT!?
SPEAK
UP, MAN!!



ONLY IF IT WASN'T FOR
OL' DEBIL-EYE!!

OL' DEBIL-EYE??!
WHAT..... OR
WHO...IS
OL' DEBIL-EYE??!



HE'S ONLY THE BIGGEST,
MEANEST, UGLIEST, MOST
VICIOUS, MOST FEROCIOUS
MAN-EATIN' SHARK I
HOPE NEVER TO SEE AGAIN!!

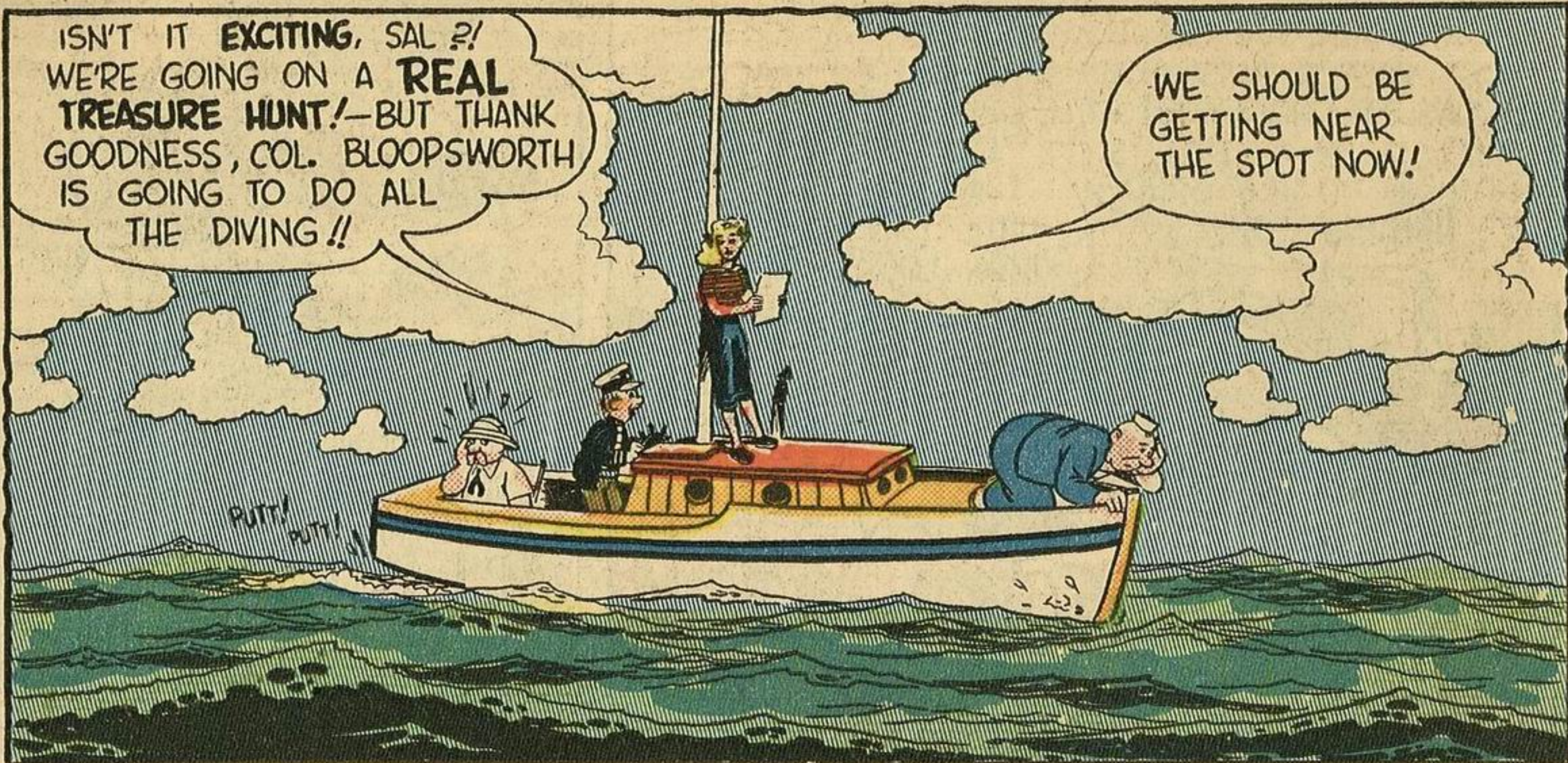
INDEED A STRANGE PHENOMENA,
BUT **OL' DEBIL-EYE** GUARDS THAT
PIRATE GOLD DAY AND NIGHT
WITH HIS VERY LIFE!!

SHARK!?
MAN-EATIN'!
GOBBLED UP
BITE BY BITE--
EGAD! WHAT
A HORRIBLE
WAY TO
DIE!!

— BUT I MUST HAVE THAT
PIRATE GOLD AT **ANY** COST!!—
EVEN IF IT MEANS SENDING
DOWN **HOWDY!!**—

ISN'T IT **EXCITING**, SAL?/
WE'RE GOING ON A **REAL**
TREASURE HUNT!—BUT THANK
GOODNESS, COL. BLOODSWORTH
IS GOING TO DO ALL
THE DIVING!!

WE SHOULD BE
GETTING NEAR
THE SPOT NOW!

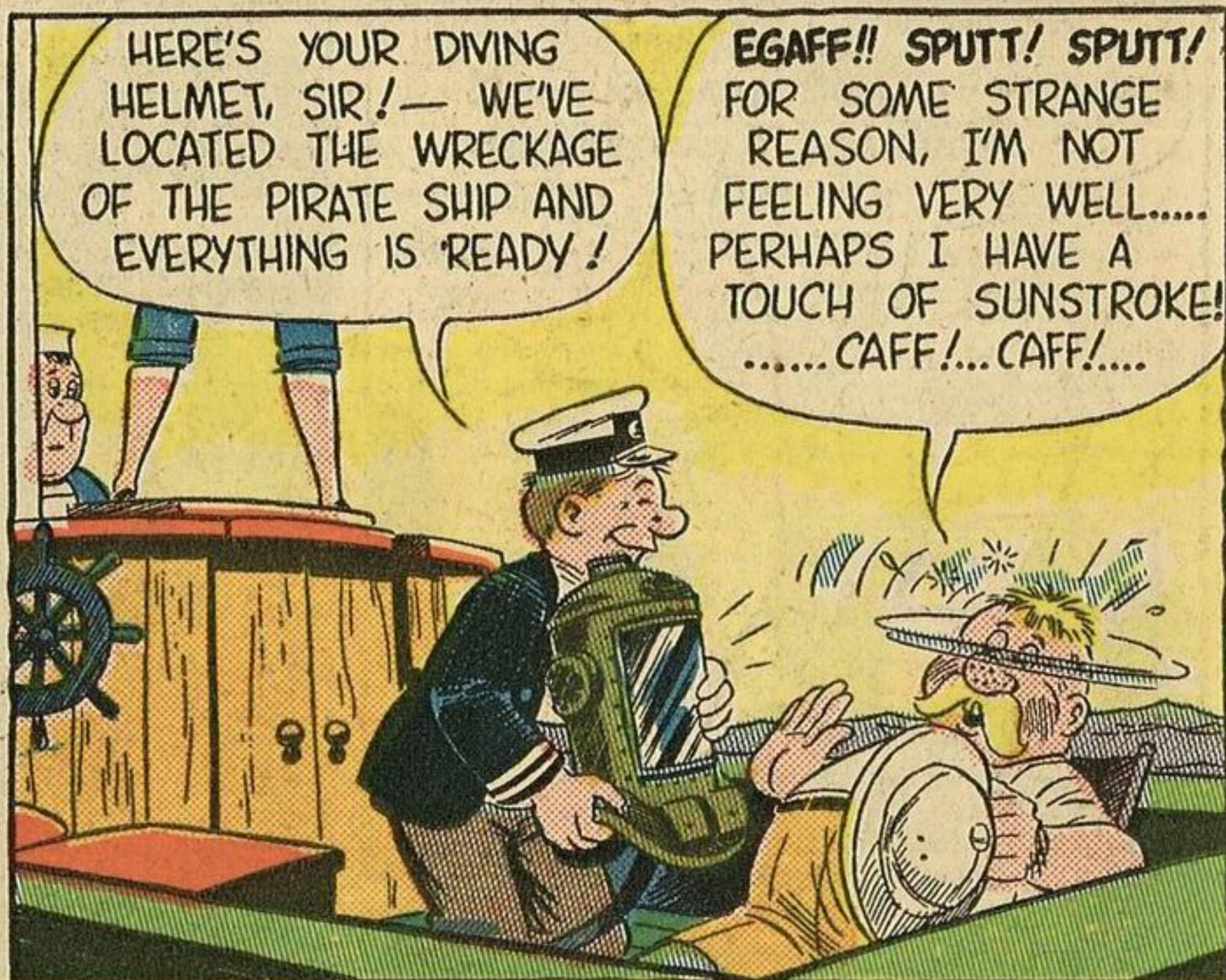


AHOY! CAPT. HOWDY!!
STOP THE VESSEL!!
I KIN SEE THE
WRECK BELOW US!!



HERE'S YOUR DIVING
HELMET, SIR!— WE'VE
LOCATED THE WRECKAGE
OF THE PIRATE SHIP AND
EVERYTHING IS READY!

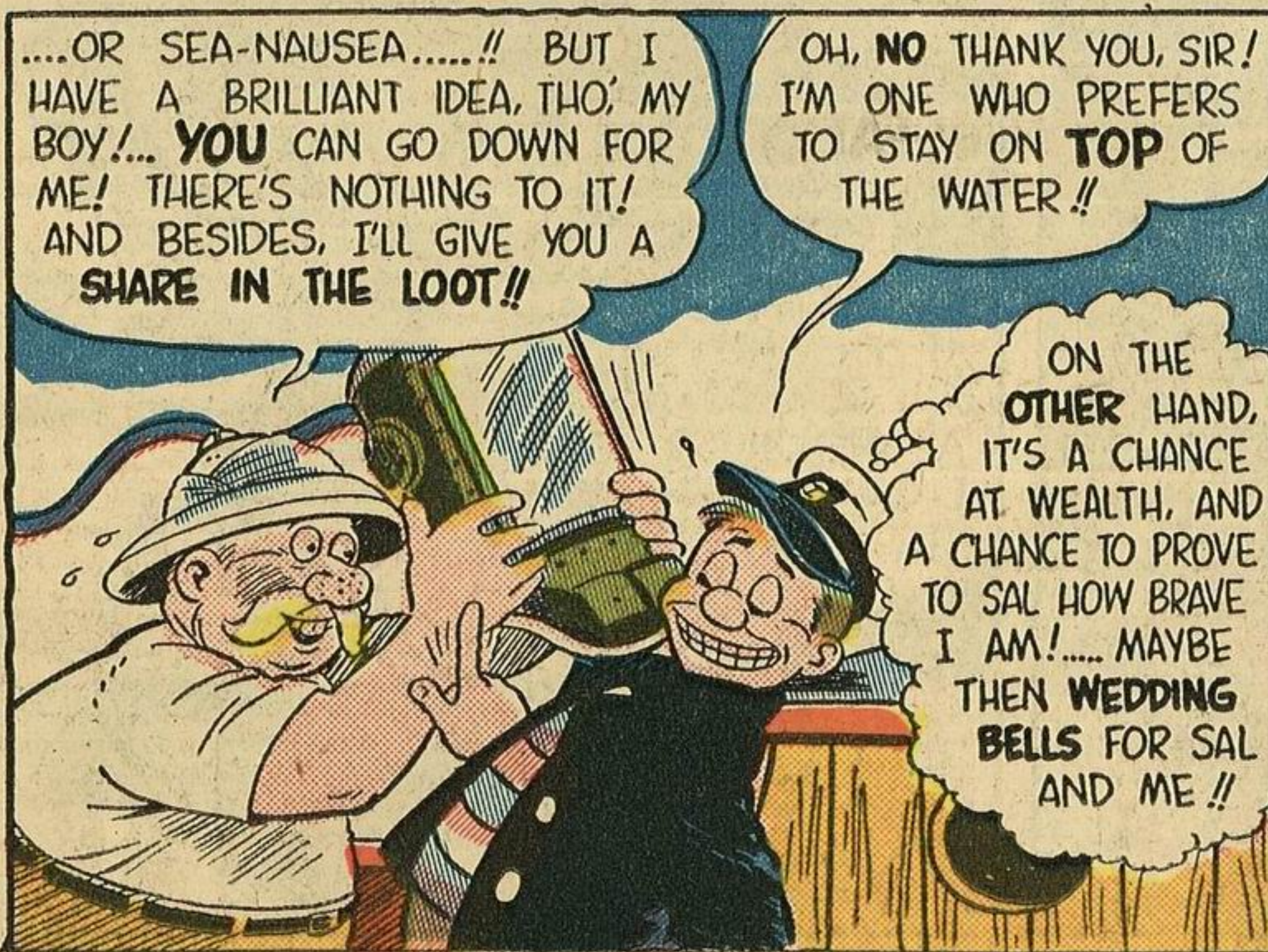
EGAFF!! SPUTT! SPUTT!
FOR SOME STRANGE
REASON, I'M NOT
FEELING VERY WELL.....
PERHAPS I HAVE A
TOUCH OF SUNSTROKE!
.....CAFF!...CAFF!....



....OR SEA-NAUSEA.....!! BUT I
HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA, THO' MY
BOY!... **YOU** CAN GO DOWN FOR
ME! THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!
AND BESIDES, I'LL GIVE YOU A
SHARE IN THE LOOT!!

OH, **NO** THANK YOU, SIR!
I'M ONE WHO PREFERS
TO STAY ON **TOP** OF
THE WATER!!

ON THE
OTHER HAND,
IT'S A CHANCE
AT WEALTH, AND
A CHANCE TO PROVE
TO SAL HOW BRAVE
I AM!..... MAYBE
THEN **WEDDING**
BELLS FOR SAL
AND ME!!



COME NOW! THERE'S
NOTHING TO FEAR! WHY,
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I
USED TO MAKE THIRTY
DIVES A NIGHT....ER...I
MEAN, A DAY!!

...WELL...
I DUNNO..
..I...!!



— NOW, WHEN YOU GET DOWN THERE,
JUST FASTEN THIS CHAIN AROUND THE
TREASURE CHEST AND WE'LL
HAUL IT UP — THERE'S
NOTHING TO IT!! **GOOD
HUNTING, SON!!**

ULP!.... BUT DON'T YOU
THINK WE SHOULD WAIT
UNTIL TOMORROW..... IT
KINDA LOOKS LIKE RAIN!!



EKK! IT'S
REALLY SURVIVAL
OF TH' **ATTEST**
DOWN HERE—
AND I DON'T
FEEL VERY
FIT!!



... HE'S IN THE WRECKAGE!.... HE'S
GOING INTO THE HOLD!!...OH, HE'S
SO **BRAVE!** I'M SO **PROUD**
OF HIM!.....



OH! OH!
THERE'S A
BOX! IT'S...IT'S
TH' **TREASURE
CHEST!!**

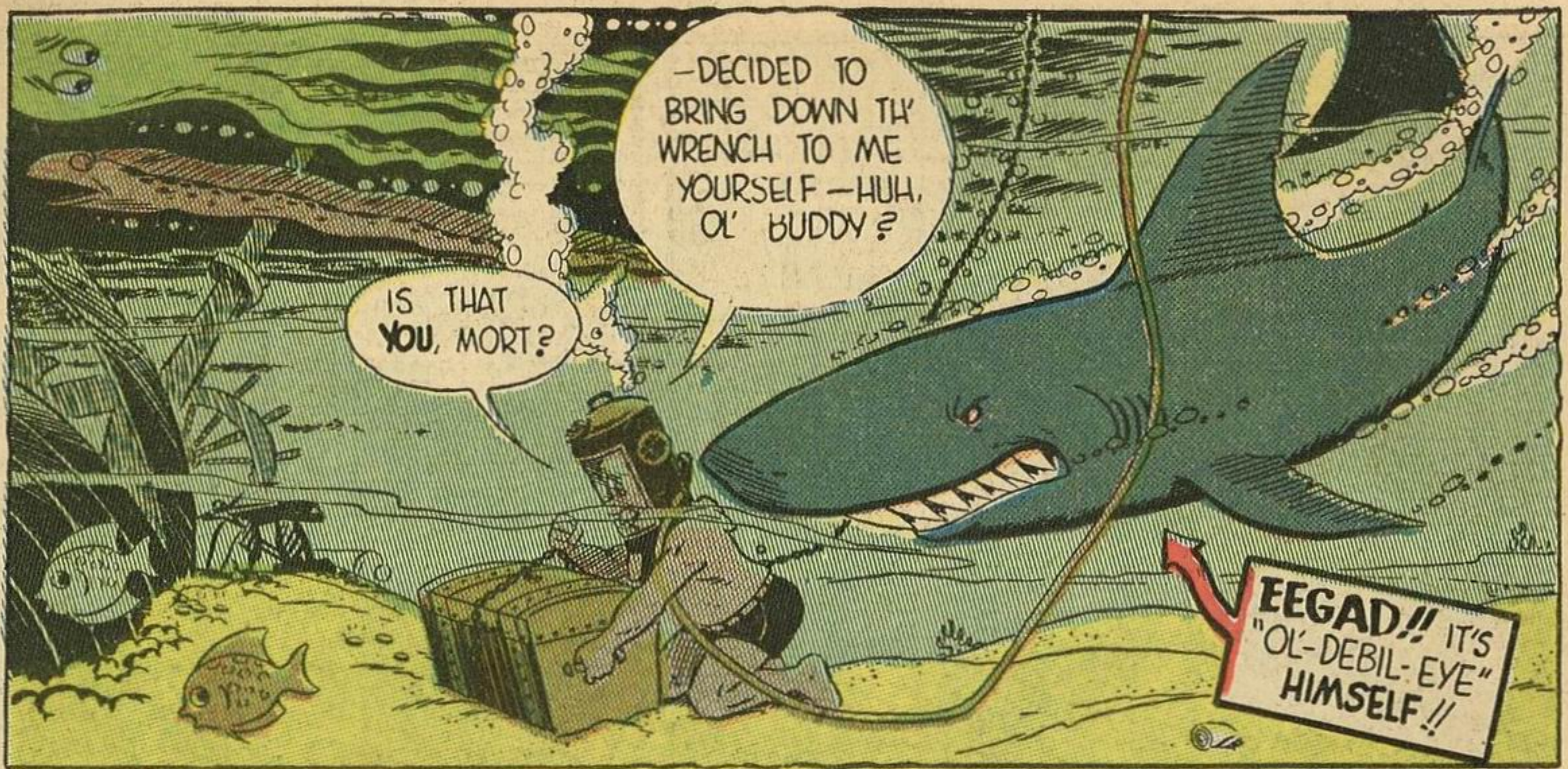


....I CAN FASTEN
THE CHAIN BETTER
OUTSIDE THE HOLD....
BESIDES, I FEEL
A LOT **SAFER**
OUT HERE!!...



I'M GETTIN'
IT FASTENED,
BUT SEND DOWN
A WRENCH SO
I CAN TIGHTEN
THE BOLT!







**HALP!
HALP!**

A BIG
MONSTER'S
SWALLOWING
ME ALIVE!!

WELL, DO SOMETHING!!
**DO SOMETHING!! JUST DON'T
STAND THERE!! DO SOMETHING
QUICK!!** HAUL UP THE
TREASURE!!



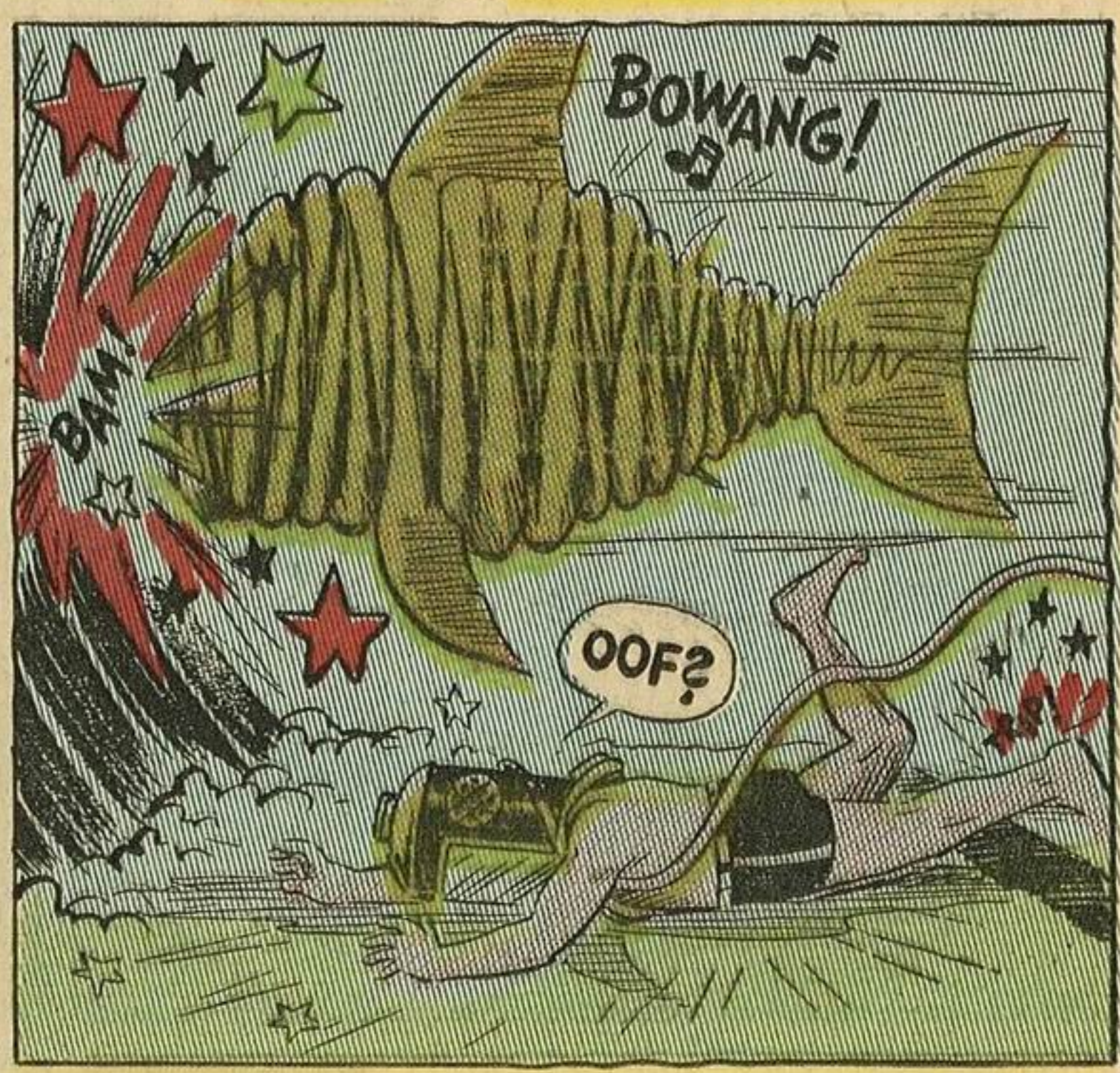
— POOR LITTLE
HOWDY!!— GONE
FOREVER!! OOH!
IT'S ALL **MY**
FAULT!! HE WAS
DOING IT FOR
ME!! OOH!

TOUGH ABOUT
HOWDY, ALRIGHT,
BUT, AH, JUST
WAIT'LL THE
BOYS UP AT
THE CLUB
GET A LOOK
AT **THIS!**

SOB!



OH, BROTHER!
I'LL NEVER MAKE
MY CLASS REUNION
AT **THIS** RATE!



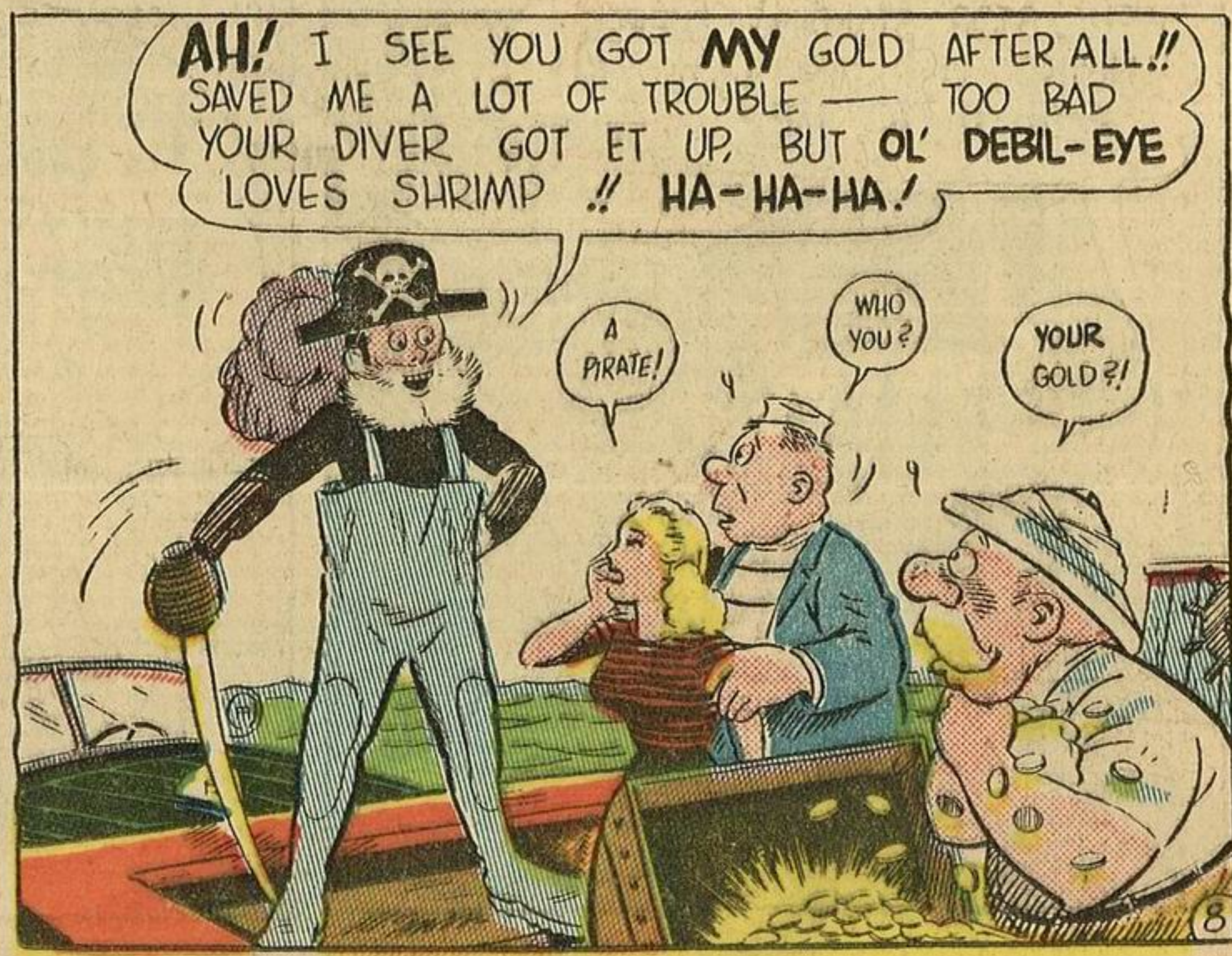
BOWANG!

OOF?



LOOK, MISS SALLY!
A LAUNCH!!
..... MAYBE.....

?

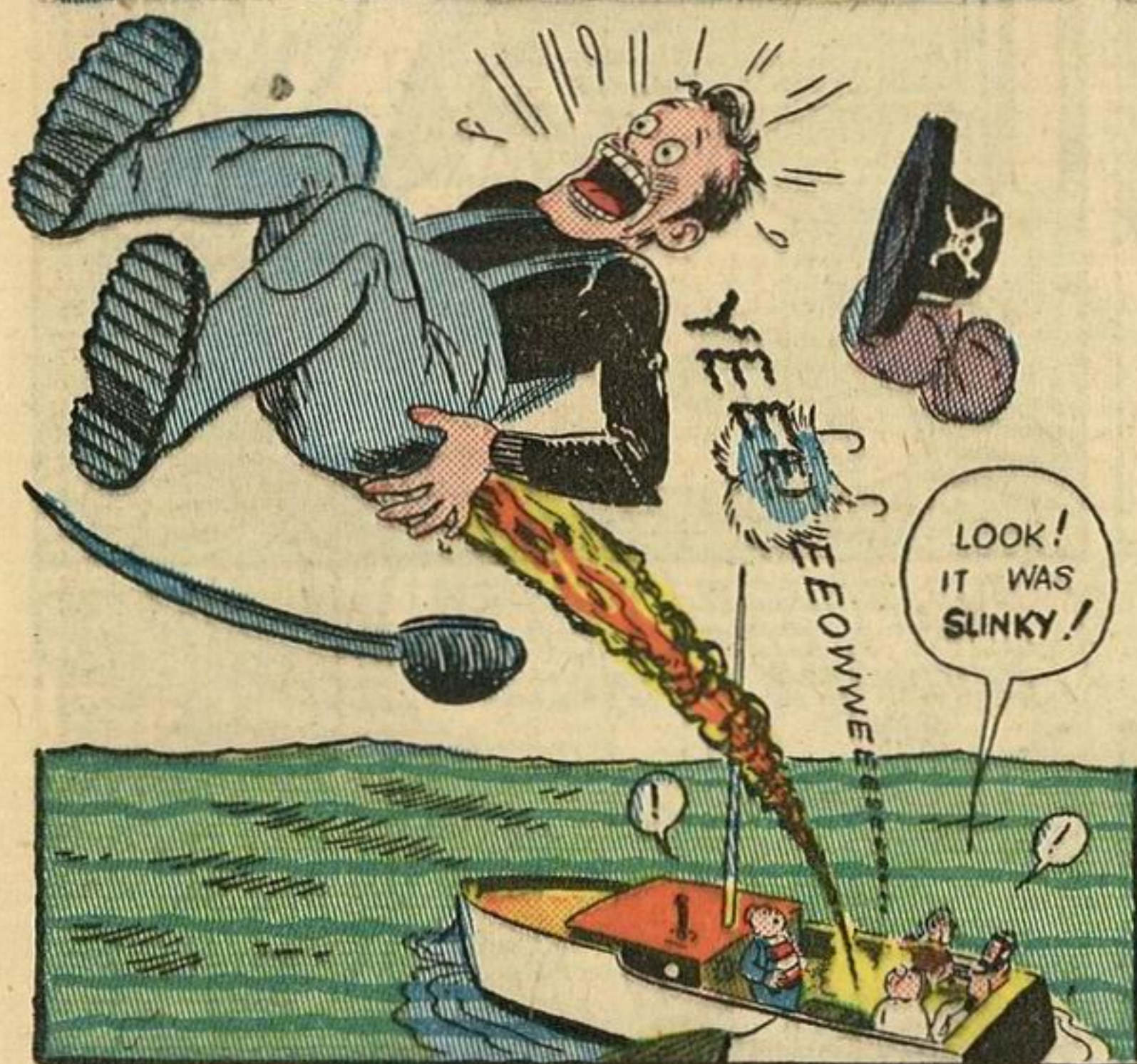
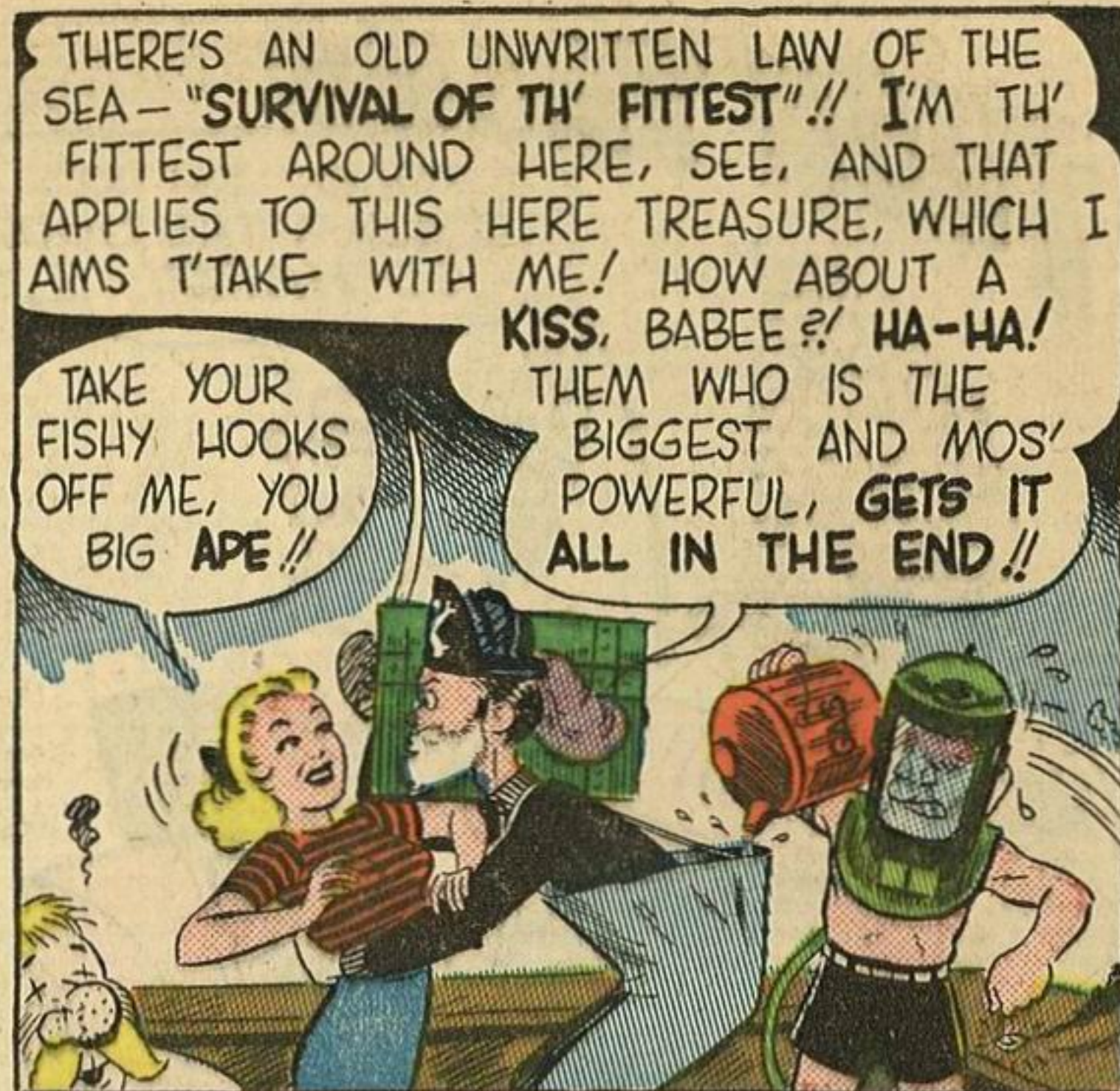


AH! I SEE YOU GOT **MY** GOLD AFTER ALL!!
SAVED ME A LOT OF TROUBLE — TOO BAD
YOUR DIVER GOT ET UP, BUT **OL' DEBIL-EYE**
LOVES SHRIMP!! **HA-HA-HA!**

A
PIRATE!

WHO
YOU?

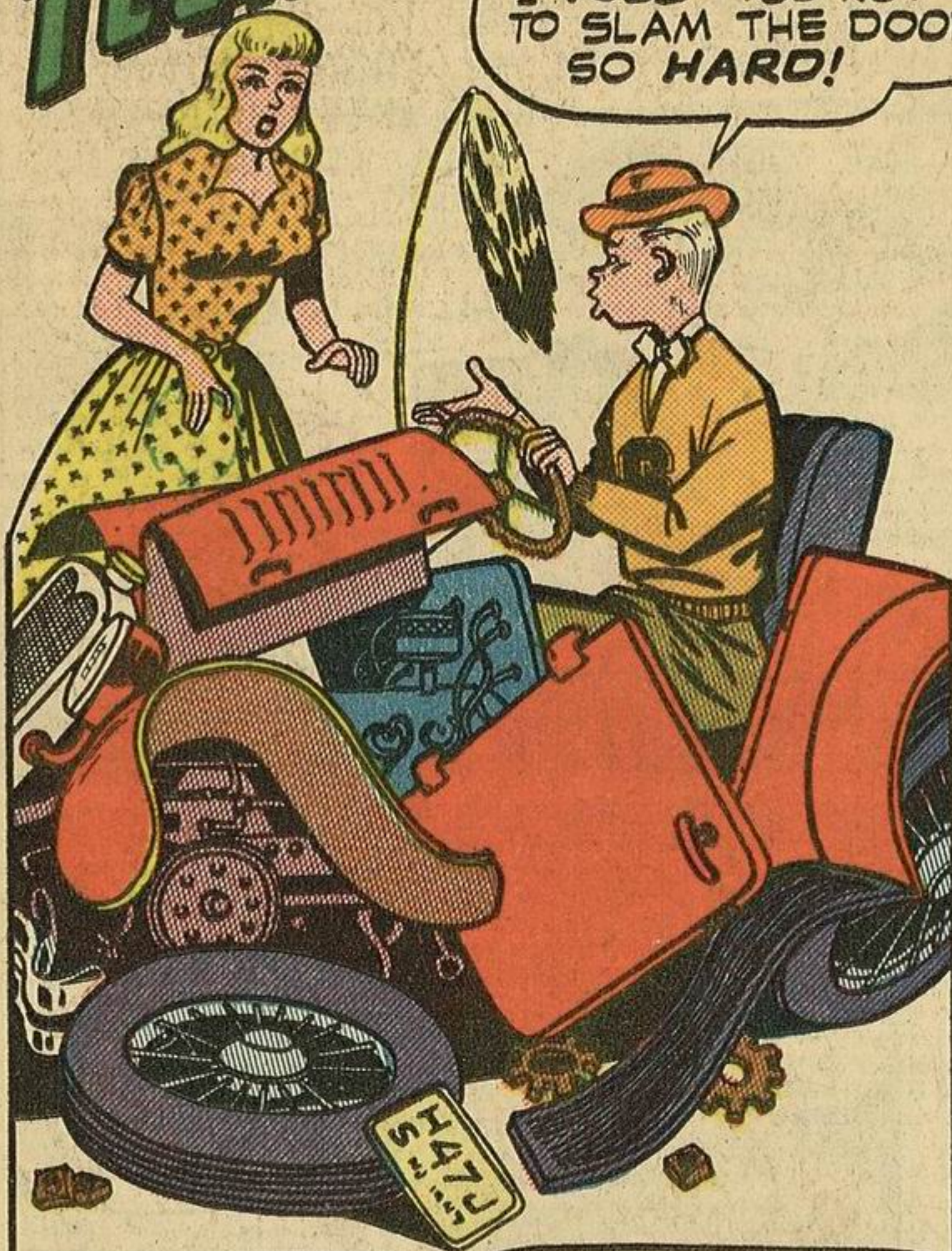
YOUR
GOLD?!



TEEN TALES

by AL HARTLEY

I TOLD YOU NOT TO SLAM THE DOOR SO HARD!



WHAT WAS THE HARDEST THING YOU LEARNED AT SCHOOL TODAY?

HOW TO OPEN COKE BOTTLES WITH A QUARTER!



WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT YOU'RE DARNED SELFISH!



BUT, SARGE! THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF COOKIES MY UNCLE SENT ME!



COOKIE

TIME
CLOCK

BUT BOSS, YOU
DISTINCTLY SAID
"PUNCH THE
TIMECLOCK!"
SO...



HI, HEP!
SEEN
COOKIE
AROUND?

YEAH, BUT HE SCRAMMED!
SAID SUMP'N ABOUT
GETTIN' A JOB!

GULP!
A...A
JOB?

REET! HE SAID HE
HADDA HAVE DOUGH
TO GET ANGELPUSS
A BIRTHDAY PRESENT!



HOLY SOX, WHY
THE MOB? WOT
GIVES?

A NEW TELEVISION
STATION'S OPENIN'
RIGHT HERE IN TOWN!
THIS IS THEIR FIRST
BROADCAST!

...AND NOW, FOLKS, BEFORE OUR
SHOW STARTS, WE WILL HAVE
A WORD OF INTRODUCTION
FROM THE PRESIDENT OF
THIS NEW ENTERPRISE!



NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT GIVES ME
GREAT PLEASURE TO BE THE FIRST
TO START A TELEVISION STUDIO IN
TEENTOWN! AND I DARE SAY THAT
LOCAL RESIDENTS WILL REAP
GREAT BENEFITS FROM MY NEW
STATION!



OVER 100 OF YOUR TOWNSPEOPLE ARE
NOW IN MY EMPLOY! AND I DON'T MIND
SAYING THAT THEY WERE VERY
GRATEFUL FOR THE JOBS!



ER... SOME MORE
THAN OTHERS!
ER...



YOUNG MAN, PLEASE
STOP KISSING MY
FOOT! IT TICKLES!

IT'S
COOKIE!



NEXT DAY...AFTER SCHOOL...

OH PLEASE, SIR!
CAN'T I KISS THE
LITTLE TOE WHILE
HE'S KISSING THE
BIG ONE?

HA-HA-
HA!

WOT SOME
GUYS'LL DO
FOR MONEY!
WOW!

STICK AROUND,
COOKIE, AN'
WE'LL BEAT
'EM UP!

CAN'T, JITTERBUCK...
GOTTA GET TO WORK!
I NEED THIS JOB FOR
A **VERY** IMPORTANT
REASON! **LET 'EM
LAUGH!**

HA!

JEEPERS, IT **MUST**
BE IMPORTANT
WHEN COOKIE STANDS
FOR **THIS**
ABUSE!

YEAH...HE'S RAISIN'
DOUGH TO BUY A
BIRTHDAY PRESENT
FOR ANGELPUSS!

SH-HHH!
HERE
SHE
COMES
NOW!

JIT, WHY
IS EVERYONE
ABUSING
COOKIE?

WELL
...ER...
I...

YOU
MEAN YOU
DIDN'T SEE THE
TELEVISION
LAST NIGHT?

NO! WHAT
ABOUT IT?

WELL,
NOW!
AHEM...

**POUR IT
ON, PAL!**

**PSST! HEY,
ZOOT! IS
THIS YOURS?**

ER...
EXCUSE ME
A MINUTE!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ZOOT? HE WAS GOING TO TELL ME ABOUT COOKIE!

HE GOT SUMP'N IN HIS EYE!

ANYWAY, ALL HE WANTED TO SAY WAS THAT COOKIE'S GOT A **BIG JOB** AT THAT NEW TELEVISION STUDIO IN TOWN!

HE **HAS**? OH, HOW **WONDERFUL**! I WONDER IF HE COULD GET **ME** A JOB...ACTING?

WHY **NOT**? OTHER GIRLS HAVE USED THEIR FRIENDS' INFLUENCE TO GET INTO PICTURES...SO THERE'S NO REASON WHY **YOU** SHOULDN'T USE **COOKIE**! C'MON!

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF A POSITION COOKIE'S GOT, JIT!

STATION BLOP TELEVISION

I DUNNO...BUT I BET HE KIN SWING SUMP'N FOR YA!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! HE **DOES** SWING SOMETHING... A **MOP**!

JIT!

...AN' **ANGELPUSS**! WOT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

SHE WUZ GONNA ASK YOU TO GET HER AN **ACTIN'** **JOB**! COULD YOU ...ER...ASK THE **PRESIDENT**...?



WELL, GEE,
I...HUH?

OOPS!



WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS?



ER...I'M SORRY, SIR!
BUT MY GIRL FRIEND
WOULD LIKE A JOB
IN YOUR STUDIO!
SHE...

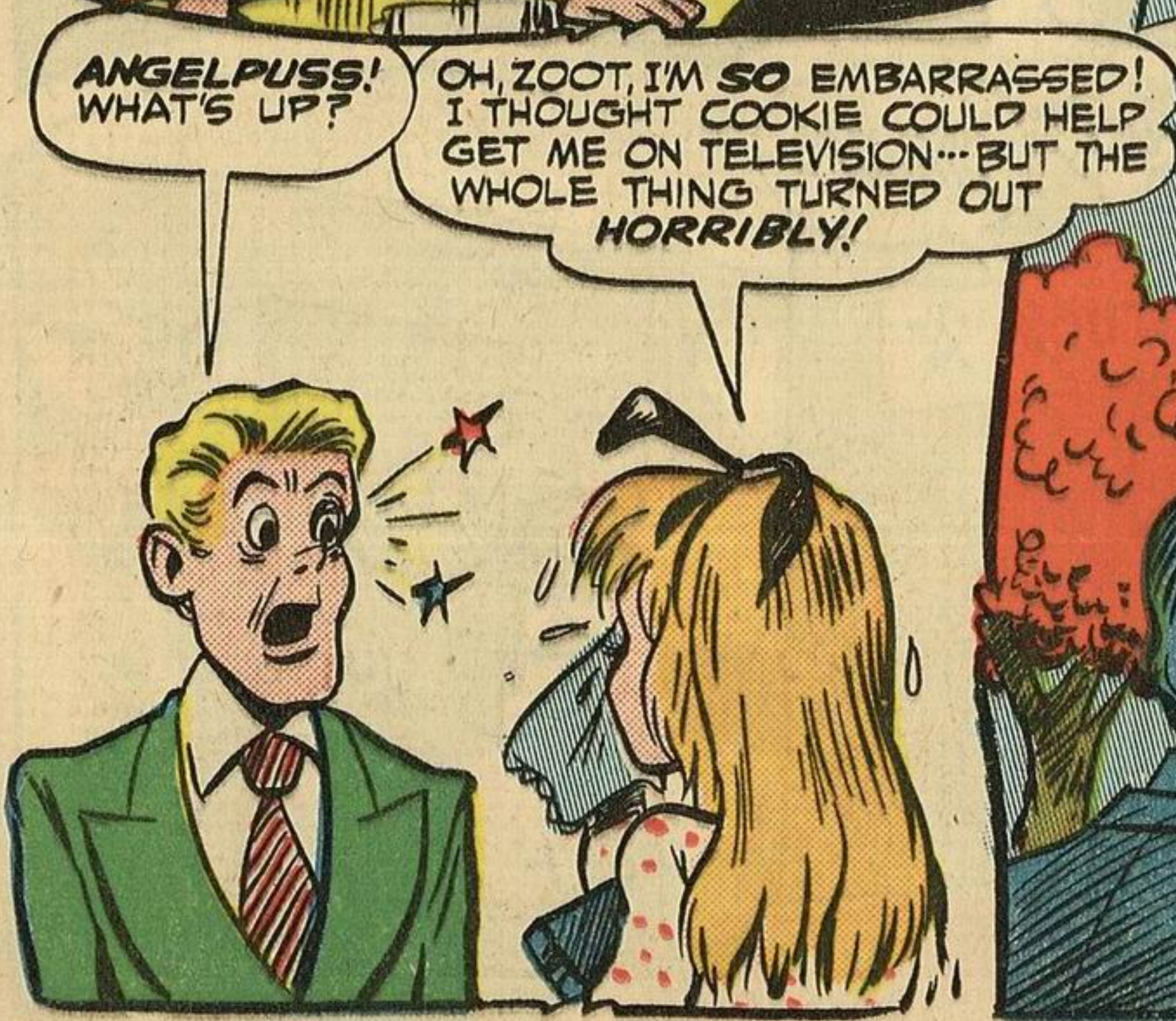


WELL, TELL HER TO GET THAT
BUCKET OFF HER HEAD...FILL
IT WITH WATER...GET A MOP...
**AND CLEAN UP THIS
MESS!**



AW, GEE, ANGEL
...COOKIE DIDN'T
MEAN IT!

BOO-
HOO!



ANGELPUSS!
WHAT'S UP?

OH, ZOOT, I'M **SO** EMBARRASSED!
I THOUGHT COOKIE COULD HELP
GET ME ON TELEVISION...BUT THE
WHOLE THING TURNED OUT
HORRIBLY!



SWELL! ER...I MEAN...WHY
DIDN'T YOU ASK **ME**? MY DAD
KNOWS THE STUDIO DIRECTOR
PERSONALLY!

HE
DOES?

MAYBE DA JOIK
TINKS DIS IS WOT
DEY MEAN BY *USIN'*
YER HEAD ON
DA JOB!

CUT THE COMEDY AN'
SOCK IT AGAIN! WE'RE
SHORT ON PAILS!

SHOP

THERE!
HE'S LOOSE!

BLANG!

PLOP!

OKAY, KID... GET BACK TO WORK! BUT AFTER
THIS, STICK THE MOP WITH THE *WOODEN*
HANDLE IN THE PAIL... NOT THE ONE ON
YOUR NECK!

VERY
AMUSING!

MEANWHILE... UPSTAIRS...

WHAT DO YOU
SAY, J.B.? CAN
I USE HER THIS
AFTERNOON?

WELL, SHE DON'T EXACTLY
SEEM LIKE A JOAN CRAWFORD
TO ME, BUT IF JOHN NEEDS
ANOTHER WIFE ON THE
SHOW, GO AHEAD!

C'MON, HURRY... WE'VE
ONLY A FEW MINUTES
BEFORE THE SHOW
GOES ON!

OH, ZOOT... THIS
IS *WONDERFUL!*
REMINDE ME TO
THANK YOU!

ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?

STUDIO "A"

JEEPERS, I HOPE ANGEL ISN'T TOO SORE ABOUT WOT HAPPENED! OH, WELL...THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT I GET HER OUGHTA MAKE ME TOP MAN AGAIN, ANYWAY!

KEEP AWAY! DON'T YOU DARE COME A STEP CLOSER!

THAT'S ANGELPUSS... SHE'S IN TROUBLE IN THERE!

VICE PRESIDENT

WHERE IS SHE?
WHERE'S MY GIRL?

WELL, JUDGING FROM THE LOOKS OF YOU, SONNY, I'D SAY SHE'D BE IN KINDERGARTEN! HA-HA!

SHE'S NOT IN THERE! I WONDER...?

GET AWAY FROM ME, DO YOU HEAR?

NO...NO, YOU FIEND! PUT THAT GUN DOWN!

WOT THE...! IT'S COMIN' FROM UPSTAIRS NOW!

YOUNG LADY, YOU'VE MEDDLED IN MY LIFE LONG ENOUGH! SO PREPARE TO DIE!

JEEEE-PERS!

And at the SODA JERKERIE... TAKE THAT!

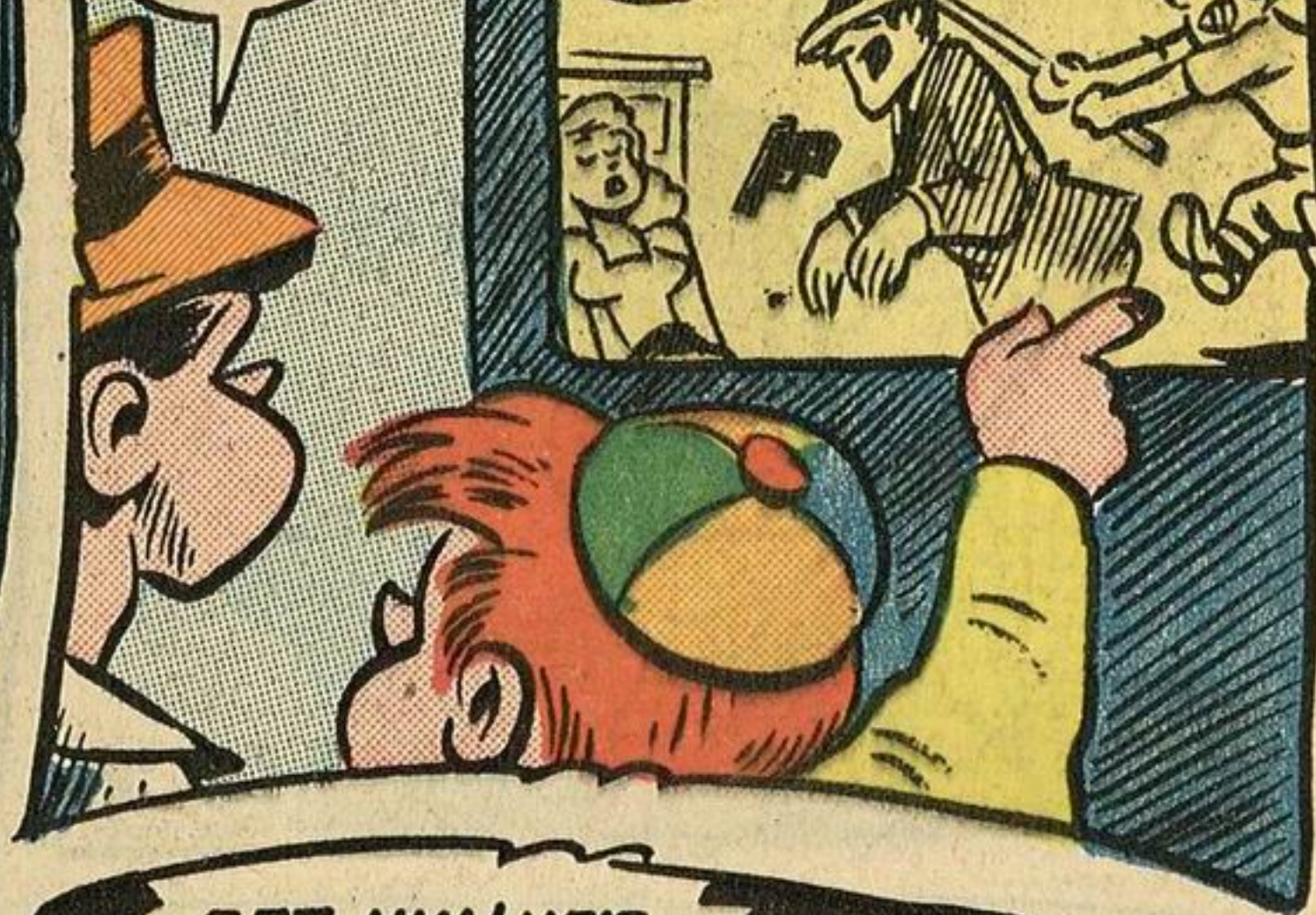
HEY, ANGELPUSS ISN'T DOIN' A BAD ACTIN' JOB AT THAT!



ULP!...LOOK! IT'S COOKIE!

WHY, YOU... TAKE THAT!

WOT THE...!

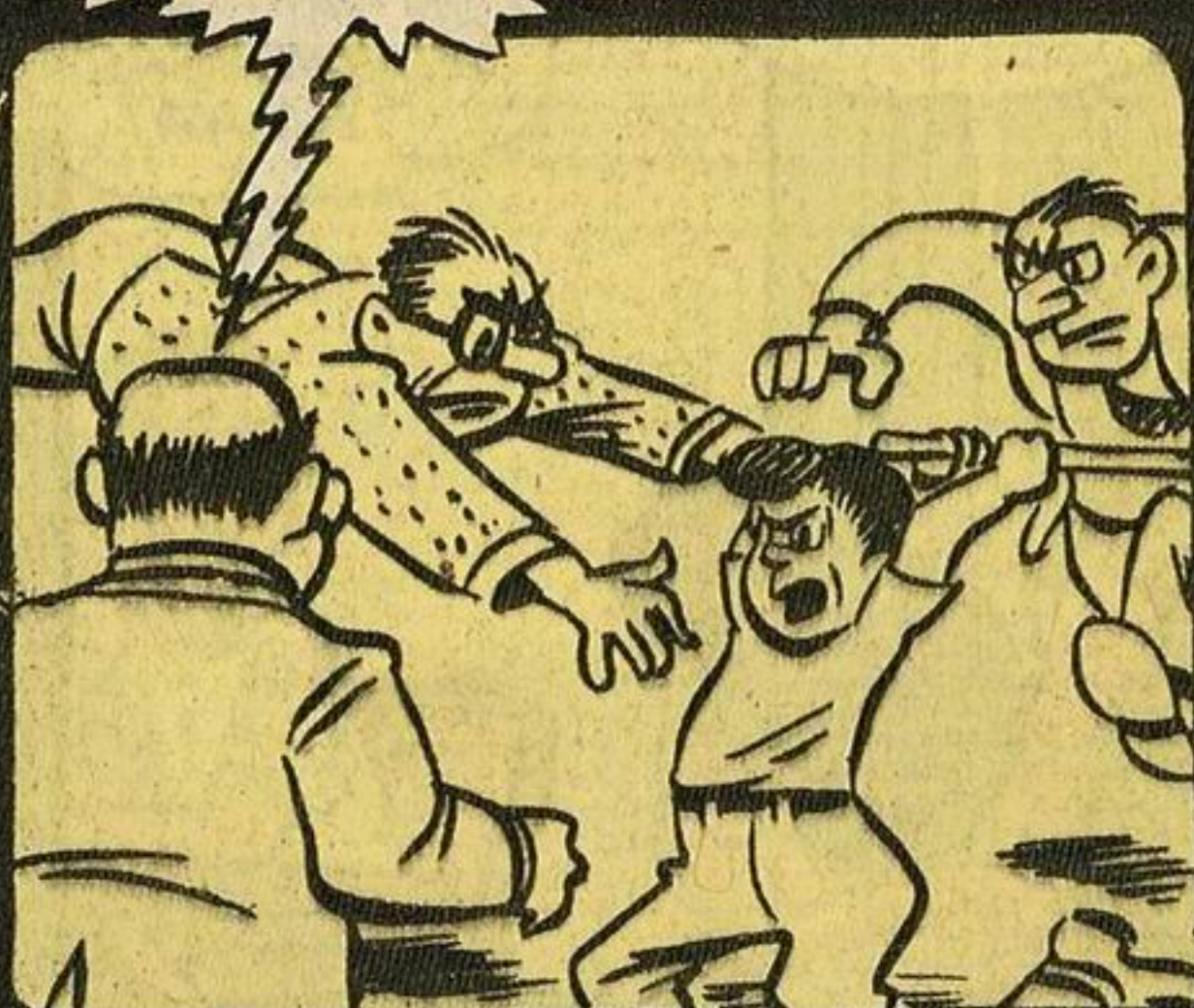


SCRAM, KID!

OH, SO YOU'RE IN ON THIS MURDER TOO, ARE YOU?



GET HIM! HE'S RUINING THE SHOW!



WHERE YA GOIN', JIT?

COOKIEE IN A JAM...WE GOTTA HELP! LET'S GO!

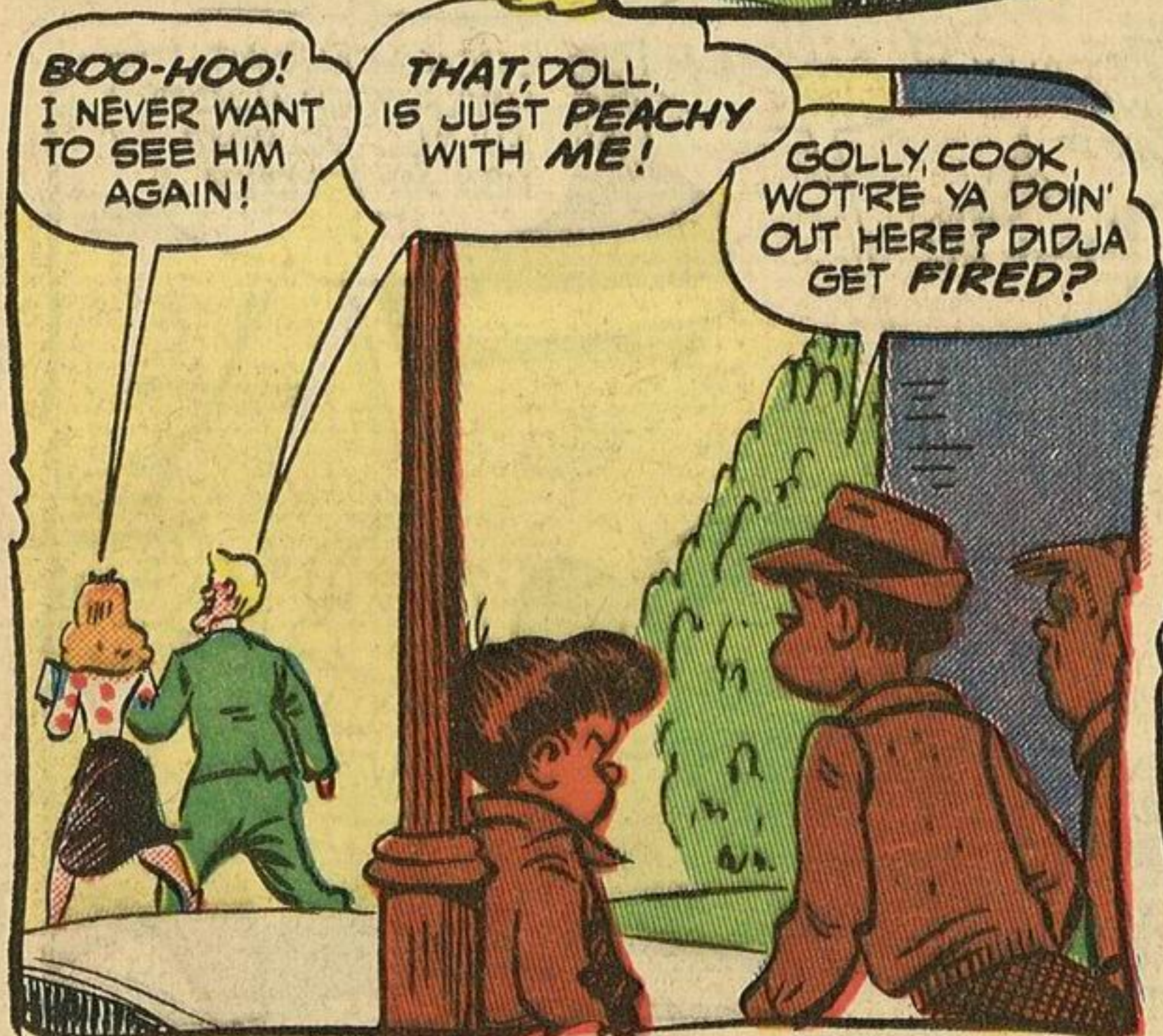
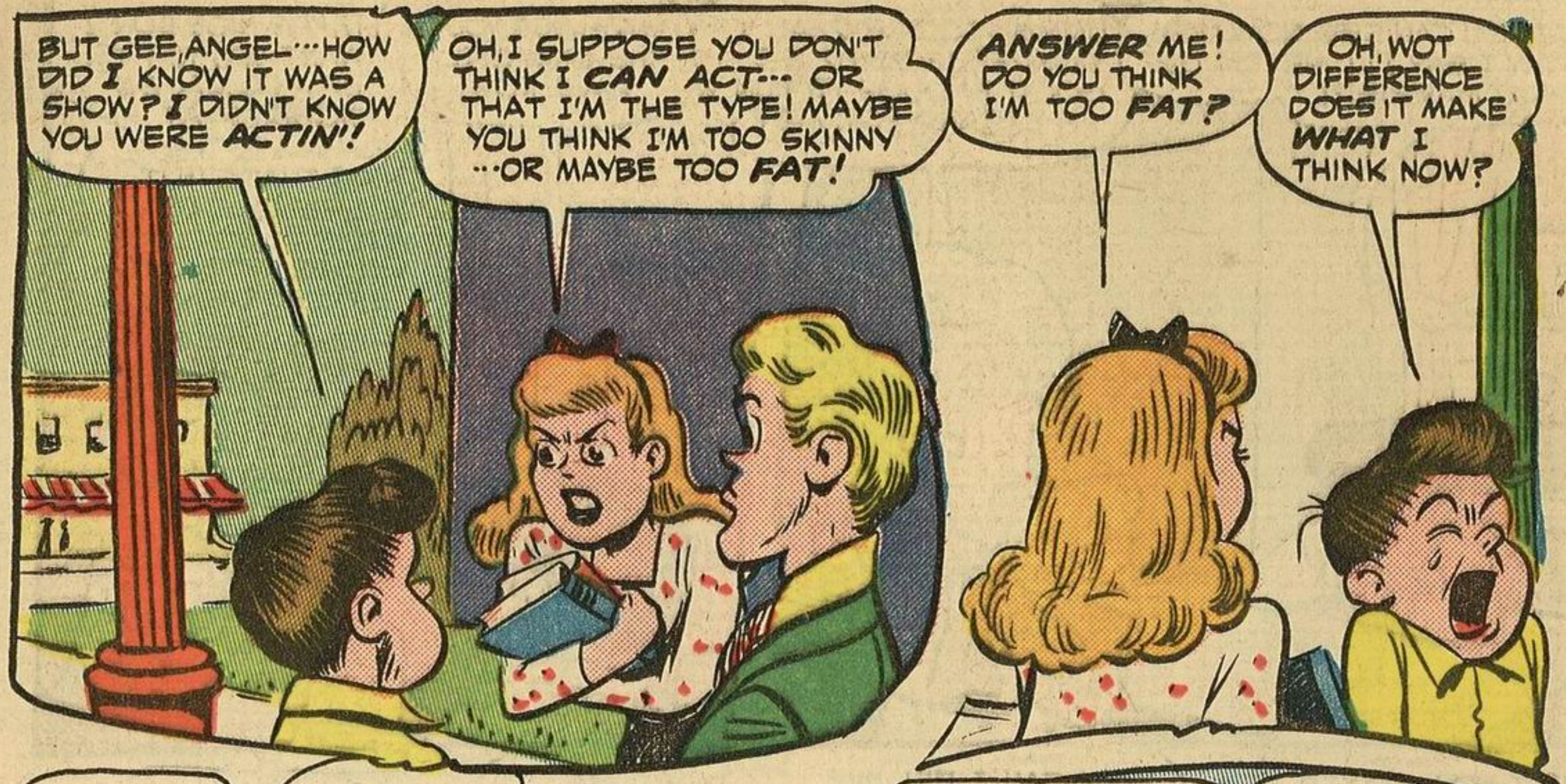
LEGGO OF ME, YOU APES!



WASN'T HE PART OF THE SHOW?

NOT THE WAY I SEEN IT, MISTER!







SO YOU CAN SEE NOW, MOM, WHY I SAY I'LL NEVER GET MARRIED!

UMMM...COOKIE DEAR, I WONDER IF YOU'D BE GOOD ENOUGH TO RUN AN ERRAND FOR ME?

SURE! GEE, YOU'RE THE ONLY GIRL I HAVE NOW!

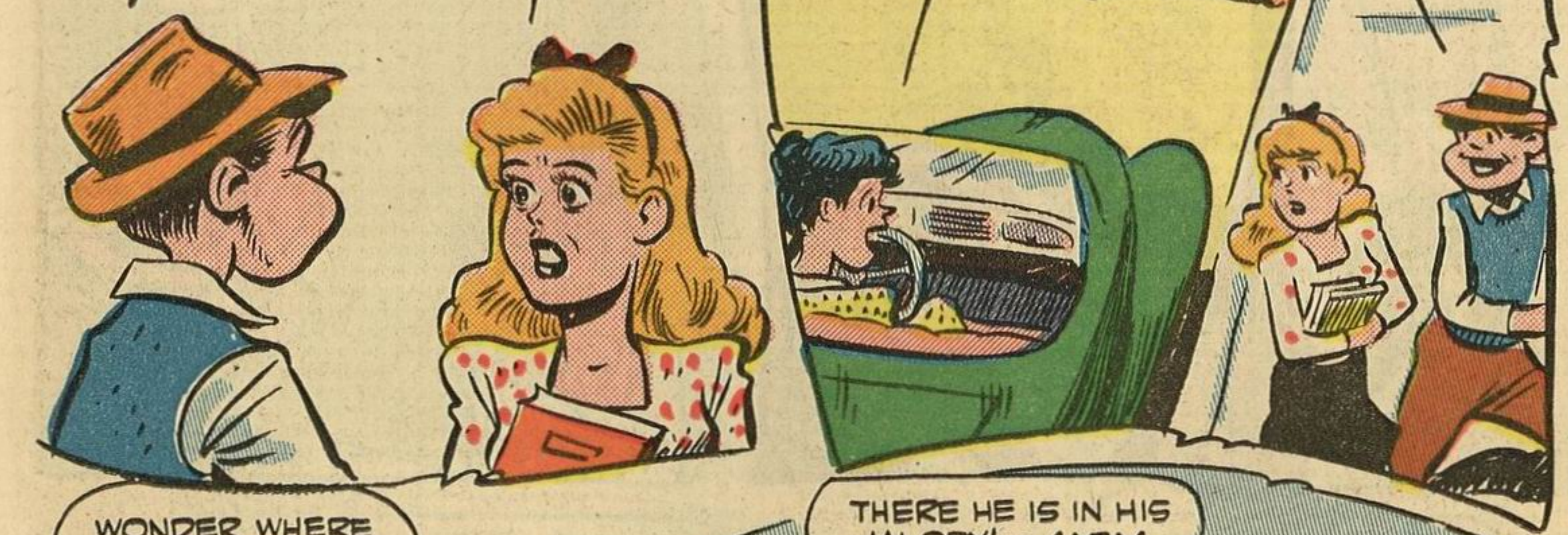
THAT'S NICE, SON! I WANT YOU TO PICK UP A PACKAGE I ORDERED AT GRIMBLE'S! THE THING THAT'S IN IT WILL MAKE YOUR MOTHER LOOK LIKE A MORE ATTRACTIVE GIRL FOR YOU!

BUT YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME! HE REALLY WAS WORKIN' JUST TO BUY YOU SUMP'N NICE!

HOW CAN I BELIEVE THAT WHEN HE PRACTICALLY ADMITTED THAT I WAS DEFORMED AND FAT?

HI, ANGEL!

LOOK, YOU WAIT HERE WITH MURIEL AN' I'LL GO FIND HIM AN' PROVE IT!



WONDER WHERE HE GOT TO---

THERE HE IS IN HIS JALOPY!... HEY, COOKIE!

HI, JIT!



LISTEN, PAL! I SAW ANGELPUSS AN' I THINK I GOT EVERY-THIN' ALL FIXED UP FOR YA!

YEAH?

YEAH! I TOLD HER ABOUT HOW YOU TOOK THAT JOB JUST TO...

THE PRESENT!

HEY, COME BACK WITH THAT!

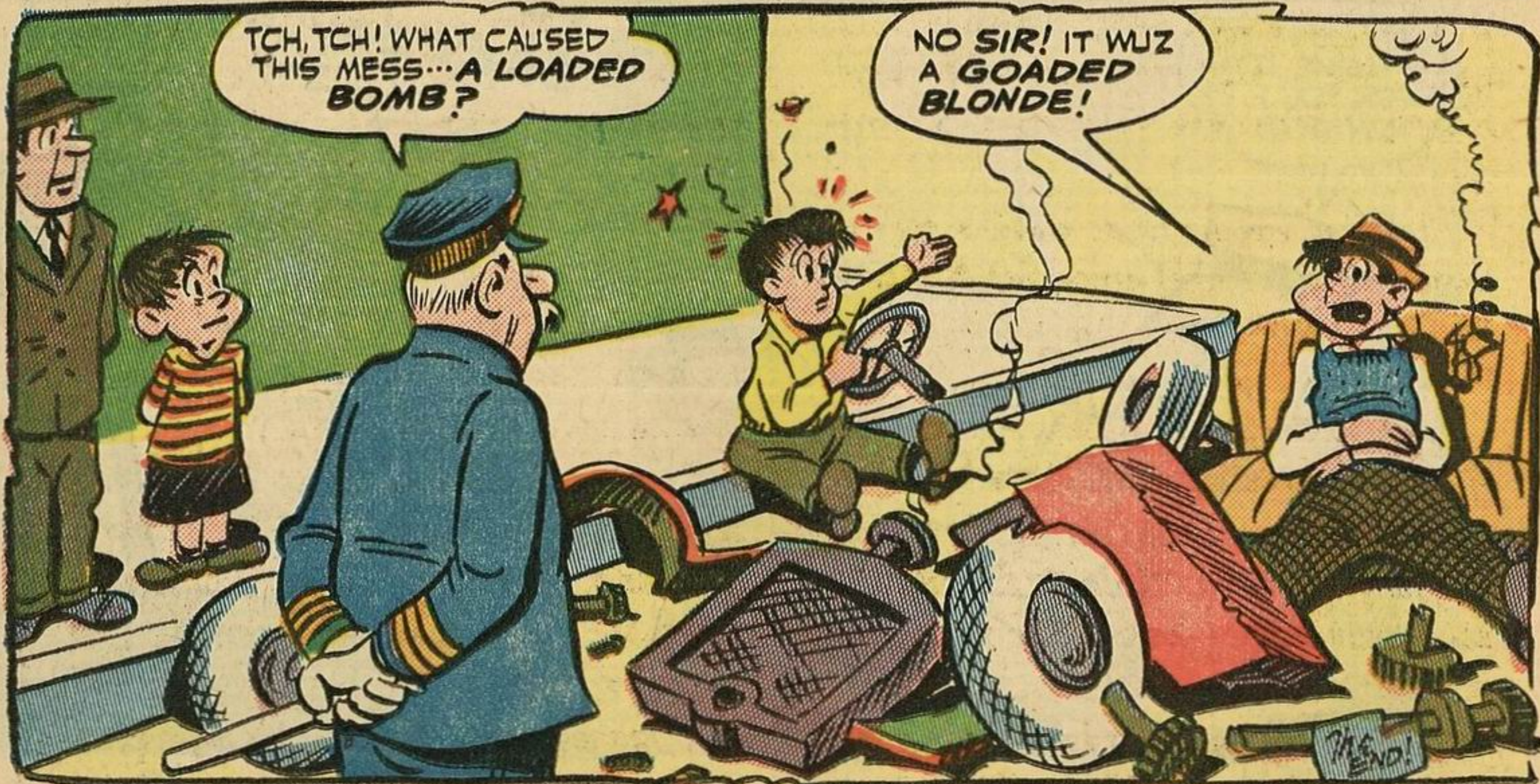
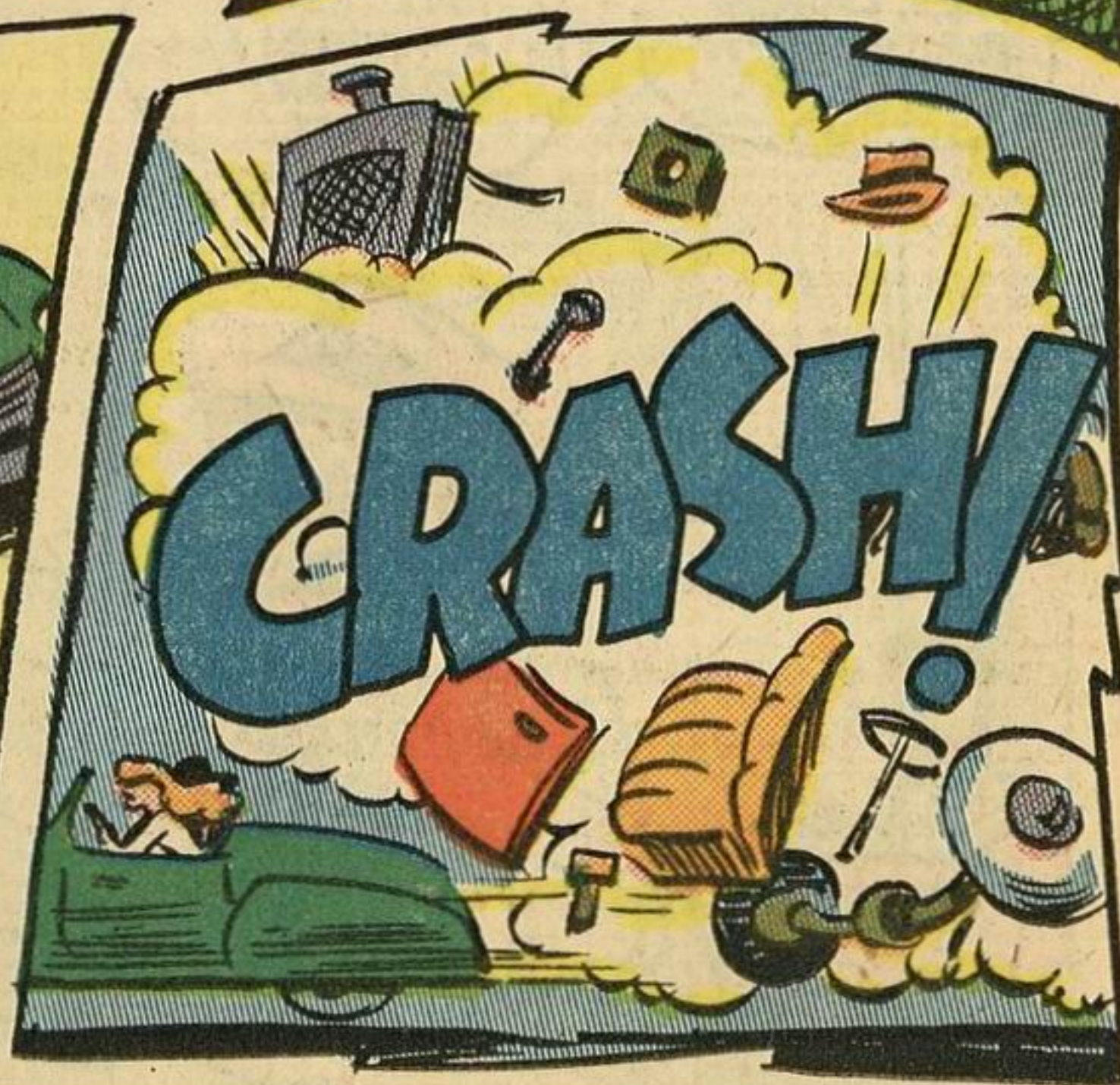
WAIT THERE A MINUTE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

SO YA WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, HUH? WELL, HE'S ALREADY BOUGHT YOUR PRESENT! LOOK!

I GUESS I WAS WRONG! AFTER ALL, HE REALLY DIDN'T SAY I WAS FAT!

AN' JUST TO PROVE IT'S FOR YOU, I... OH-OH!

EEEEEEK!



Noble Experiment

COOKIE and Angelpuss stopped to look at the display in the florist's window. "I *hate* snake plants!" they both said, together, with exactly the same emphasis in their voices.

"Y'know, Angel," Cookie said wonderingly, "we sure do hit it off! We're gettin' so we think the same things an' say 'em together, all the time!"

Angelpuss looked thoughtful. "Yes, that's the trouble," she said. "It's been happening a lot lately, and I've been sort of thinking. Do you think we've been seeing too much of each other?"

"No!" Cookie was emphatic.

"Well, what I mean is we've been dating each other and going to the same places and doing the same things and maybe our romance is only a *habit*! Maybe we're not really in love . . . just *used* to each other!"

"Now, just a sec, Angel!" Cookie was getting angry. "My romance is no habit, see?" His eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What are you drivin' at, anyway?"

"I think we ought to have a sort of experiment," Angel answered hesitantly. "You could date some *other* girl and I could date some *other* . . . just as a *trial*!" she added hastily, noting the gloomy expression on Cook's face.

It took a lot of convincing, but Cookie finally gave in. "I don't like it!" he said ominously. "But I'll *do* it . . . as a *trial*!"

The following Saturday seemed very

strange, for Angelpuss had a date with Less Martin, a senior, and Cookie had arranged to escort a cute brunette named Peggy Drake.

Les, who had the reputation of being the class wolf, called for Angel early enough to join the Witherspoons at dinner. "C'mon, gorgeous," he shouted, gulping down his dessert, "I'm gonna show you the best time you ever had, you lucky babe!"

Mr. and Mrs. Witherspoon, watching their daughter depart, looked a bit unhappy. "I don't think I like that young man," Angel's mother remarked.

Angel didn't like him either. Les had a loud, rasping voice, talked incessantly and thought it was funny to argue with the usher at the Bijou.

"We want two singles together!" he ordered loudly, despite the shushing from the movie audience. "Boy, is that a howl!" Angel was embarrassed as she sat down next to Les. She was more embarrassed when he put his arm around her shoulder and began to urge her loudly, "Cuddle up, cute bug . . . don't be shy!"

"Oh, this is *awful*!" Angel was almost in tears. "I've never missed *anyone* as much as Cookie!"

Cookie wasn't too happy at that moment, himself. Peggy, it seemed, talked baby-talk in a high, piping voice and when she couldn't think of anything to say, she giggled.

"Ooooooh, Cookums," she squealed,

pointing to a bracelet in Jenkins' Jewelry Mart, "isn't it the 'tweetest 'ittle thing?" As she spoke, she snuggled against Cookie's chest, causing him to blush violently. "Ooo, shy boy!" Peggy twittered.

It was at this miserable moment, when Cookie was missing Angel with all his might, and Angel was missing Cookie with equal desperation, that Zoot, strolling out of the Bijou, saw his big chance!

He waited until Monday morning, when he made sure to catch Cookie before school started. "Say, Cook," he whispered confidentially, "I don't like to start any trouble, but I saw Angel Witherspoon at the Bijou Saturday night. She was with Les Martin and he had his *arm* around her!"

He gave Angelpuss the same treatment. "Oh, Angel," he said, lowering his voice, "I don't like to say this, but I saw Cookie and Peg Drake on Main Street Saturday night . . . *smoochin'*!"

The bomb exploded as Zoot had hoped!

Both Angelpuss and Cookie, having no idea that the "trial" dates were miserable, took Zoot's messages seriously. "I was right, it *wasn't* a romance!" Angel brooded.

"She was right, it *wasn't* a romance!" Cookie said to himself at the same time.

But after a week, the separation was too hard to bear. Angel and Cookie decided to do something about it . . . at the same time, of course. Cookie asked Peg Drake if she'd go over to Angel's house and explain that they'd had only one date. As for Angel, her idea was no more original. She asked

Les Martin to go over to Cookie's and tell him that she wasn't his girl!

Half-way between the two houses, Peggy Drake and Les Martin met . . . for the first time. "Hi, creampuff!" Les shouted. "Could I interest you in me?"

"Ooooooh, a dreat, big handsome senior!" Peggy squealed.

As these two strolled off arm-in-arm, forgetting their missions, Angel sat by her telephone and fretted, "Why doesn't he call? Maybe he doesn't believe Les! Why doesn't Cookie call?"

Cookie glared at the phone in the hall. "Ring, durn ya!" he commanded. "Why doesn't Angel call?"

One hour went by . . . two hours . . . three!

The waiting was unbearable.

Casting all pride aside, Cookie seized the phone and dialled Angel's number. Her eager "hello" brought a lump to his throat. "Angel!" Cookie said hoarsely. "I just *had* ta call ya!"

"I was just about to call you!" Angel said.

And then they both said, at exactly the same time, with exactly the same emphasis, "I couldn't stand it *another* minute!"

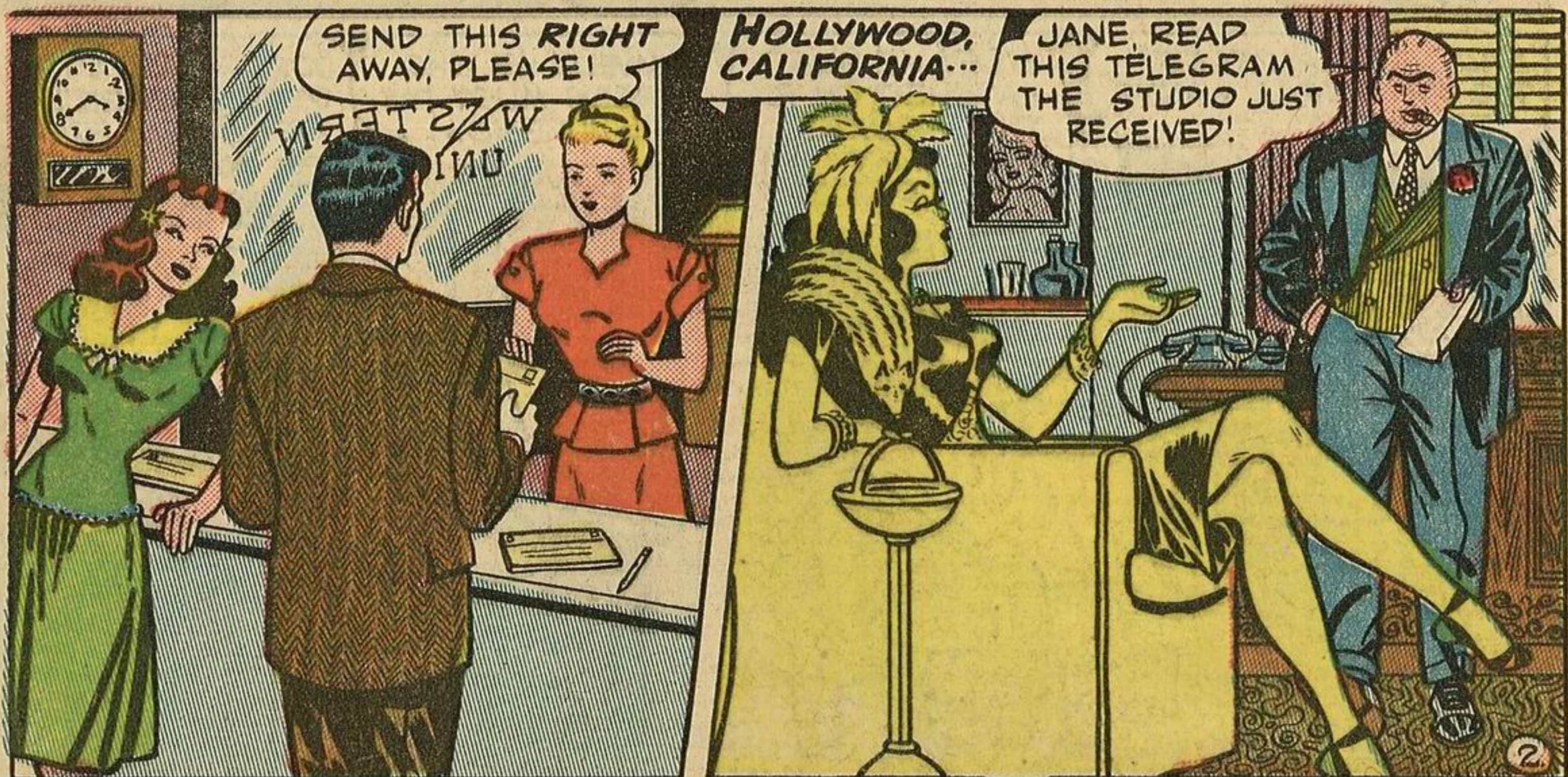
"If we're thinkin' alike again, how about a date for tomorrow?" Cookie laughed.

"Be here!" Angel ordered.

It was funny the way things worked out. Les Martin was crazy about Peggy Drake. And Cookie O'Toole and Angel Witherspoon were dreamily twosoming again!

In fact, everybody was happy . . . except Zoot!





WESTERN UNION
SHOOT-EM-UP FILMS, INC.
MISS JANE BUSTLE:
IMPERATIVE YOU CANCEL TRIP
TO TEEN TOWN STOP LOCAL
DESPERADOES STOP BY TWO-
GUN PICKLES STOP MEET ME
KIDNAP YOU BEFORE TEEN
AT STATION WILL DRIVE YOU
TOWN STOP SCHOOL IN CAR
SAFELY TO ROMEO RAVELLI!

HA-HA...THE WHOLE THING'S
A JOKE, I GUESS...BUT WE'LL
PLAY ALONG! JANE, PUBLICITY'S
BEEN MY GAME FOR 20 YEARS,
AND THIS SETUP'S A
**PIP! YOU'RE GO-
ING THROUGH
WITH IT!**

HOW
UTTERLY
EXCITING!

WE'LL MAKE HEAD-
LINES IN EVERY
PAPER IN THE
COUNTRY!

THAT'S NOT ALL...
JANE'S CURRENT
PICTURE HAS A
KIDNAPPING SCENE
WHICH PERFECTLY
DUPLICATES **THIS**
SITUATION! WE CAN SAVE
MONEY!

YOU
MEAN...?

RIGHT...WE'LL HAVE THE
CAMERAS ROLLING AND
WE'LL SHOOT THE ENTIRE
BUSINESS!...THEN WE RE-
LEASE IT AS PART OF
THE FILM!

IT'LL BE
SENSATIONAL!

**THE NEXT DAY...
AT THE STATION...**

THE TRAIN'LL BE A
LITTLE LATE...IT
RAN INTO A COW!

OH, WAS IT
ON THE
TRACK?

**NO! THEY CHASED IT
INTO A BARN!**

**WELCOME,
JANE
BUSTLE!**



HERE SHE COMES!

MISS BUSTLE, ON BEHALF OF TEENTOWN HIGH, I...

OH, YOU DEAR BOY!



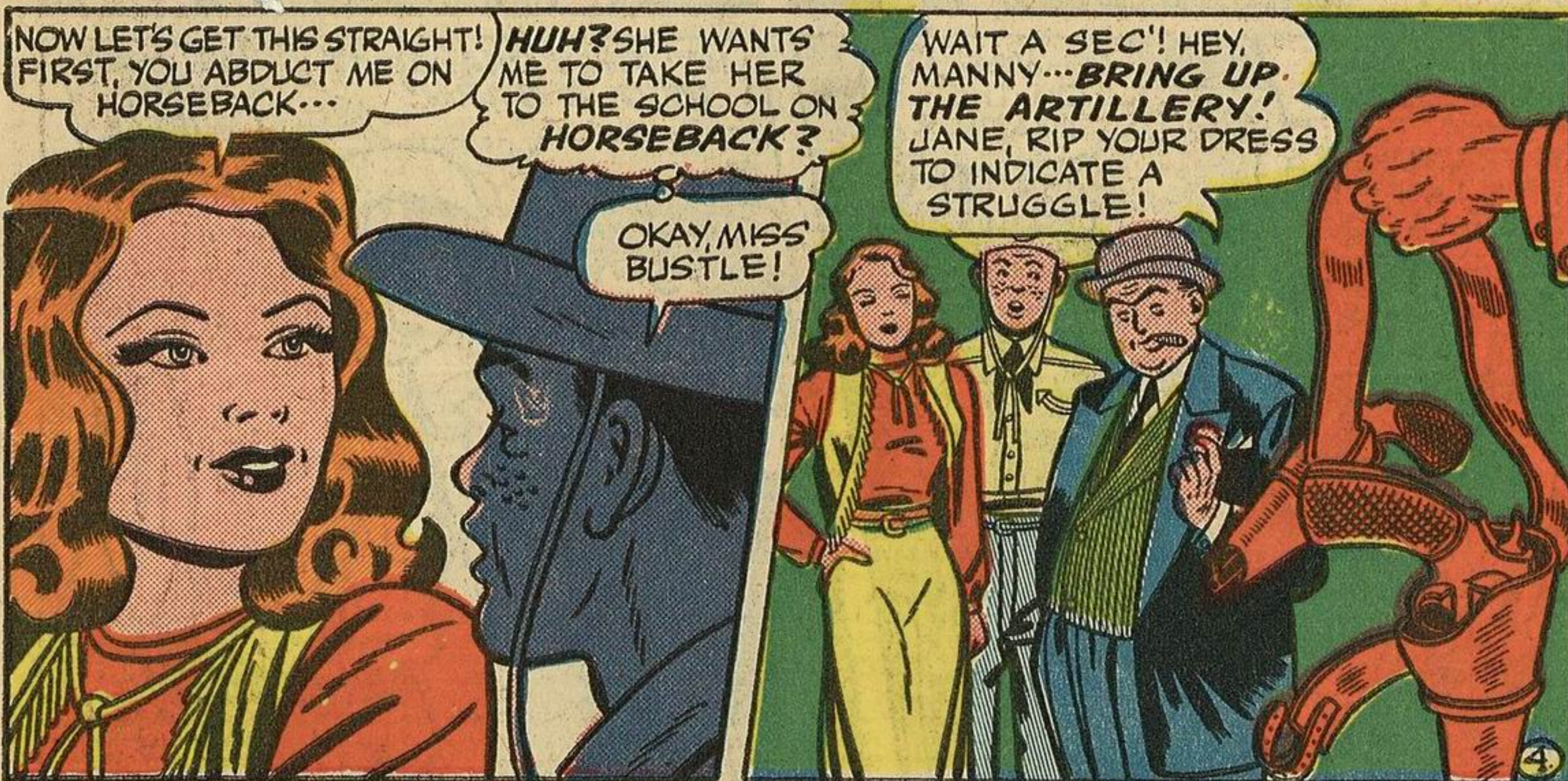
WELL! OF ALL THE NERVE!

SMACK



OKAY...OKAY! LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, TWO-GUN!

HUH?

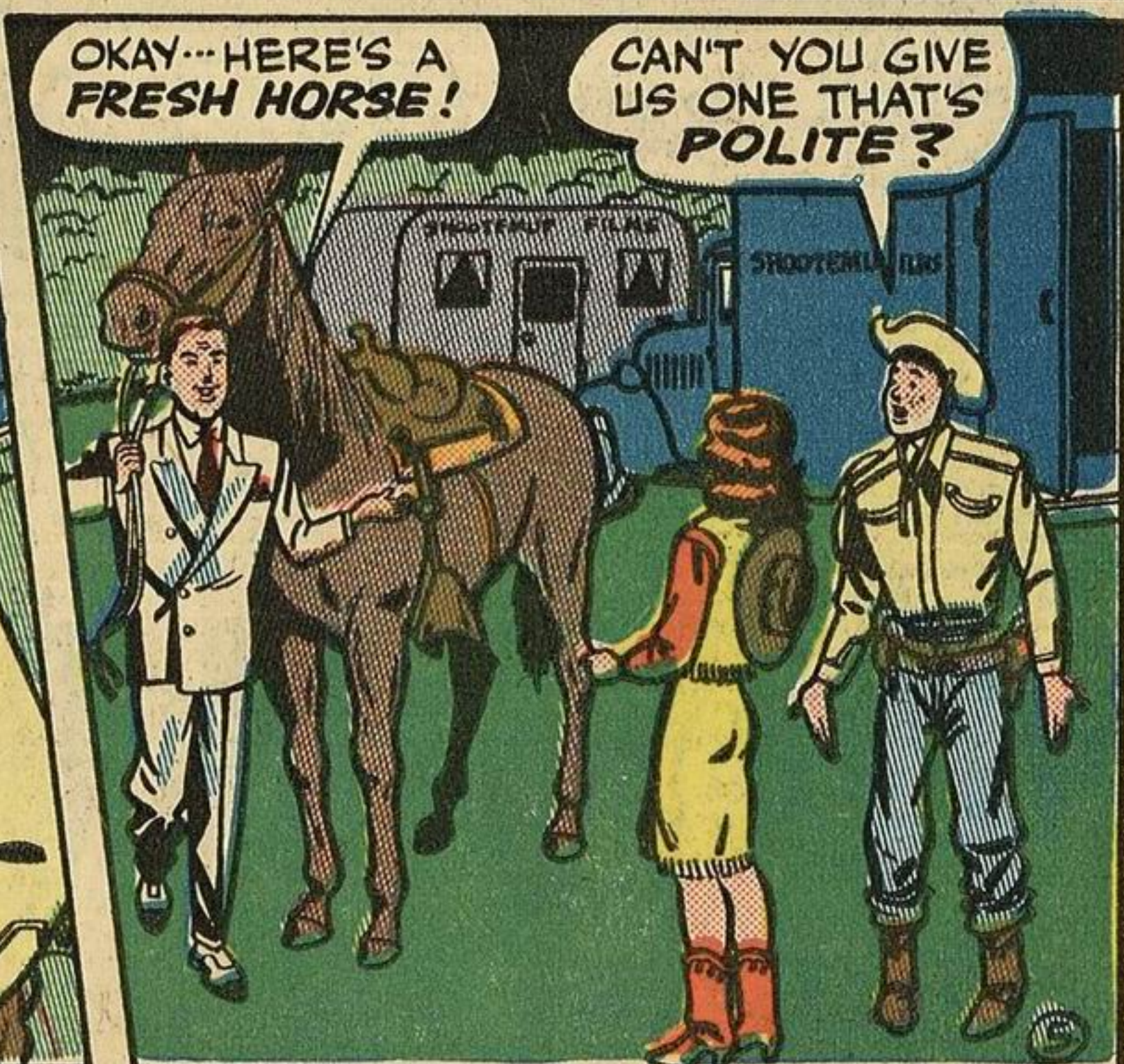
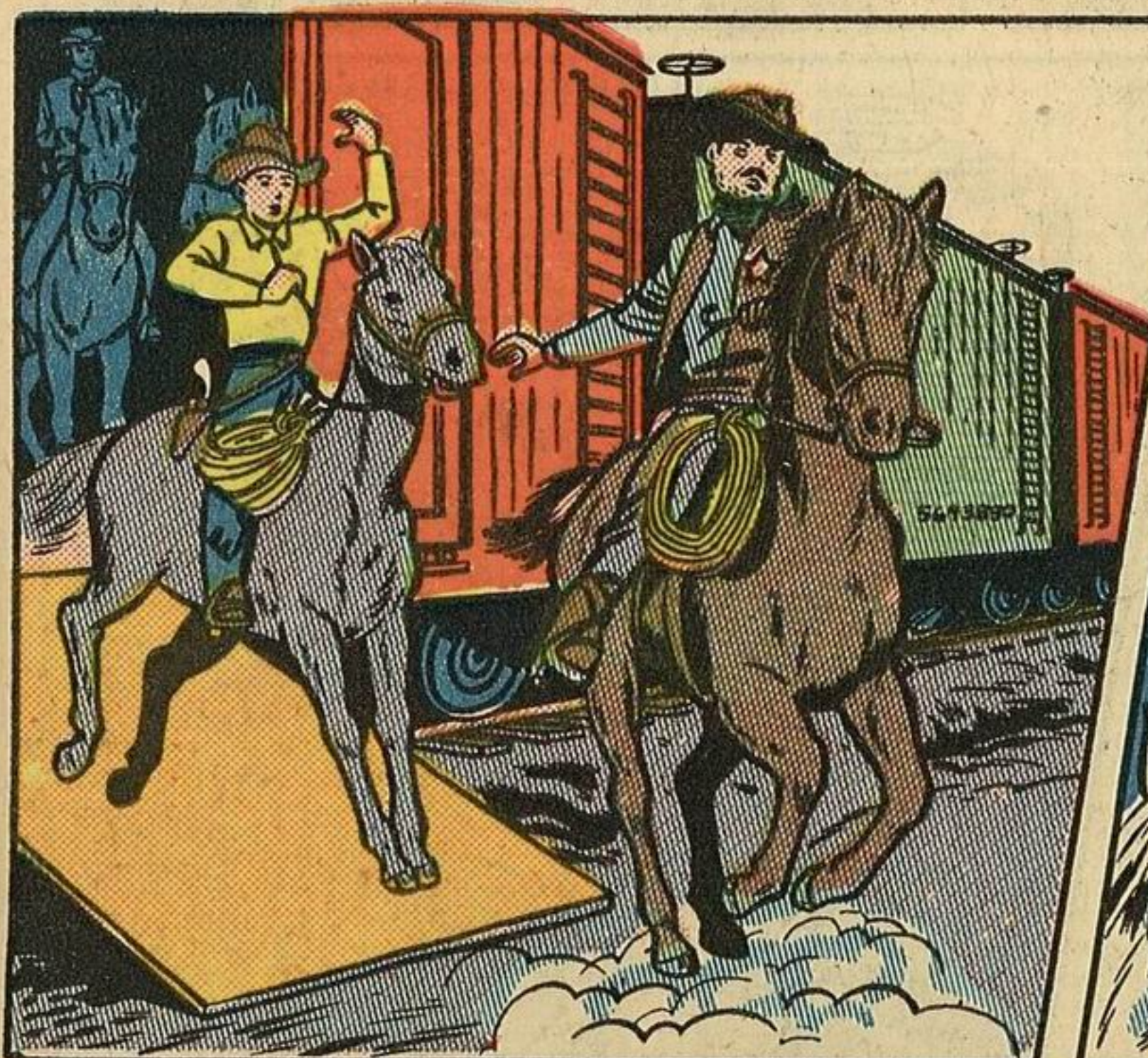
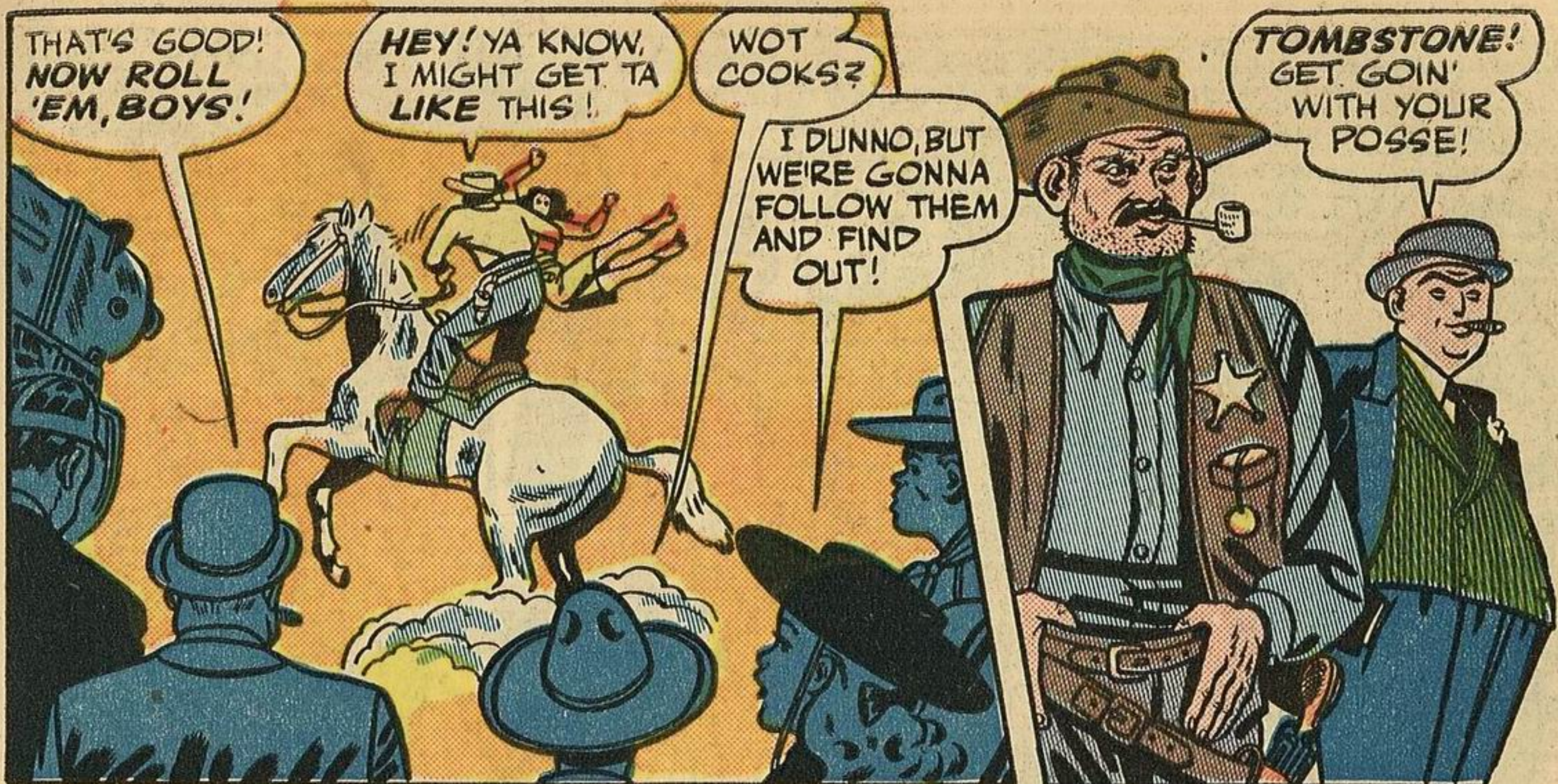


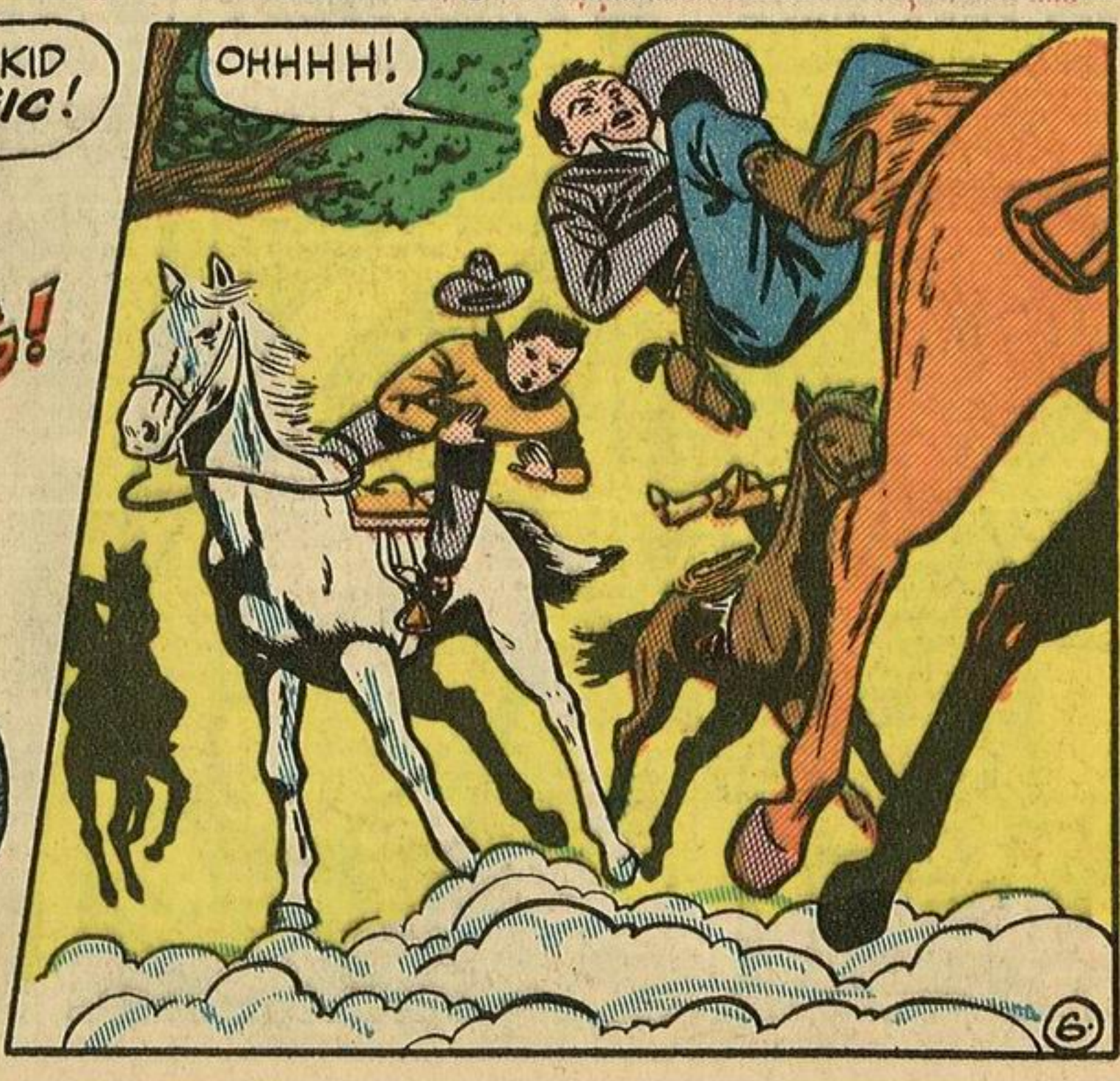
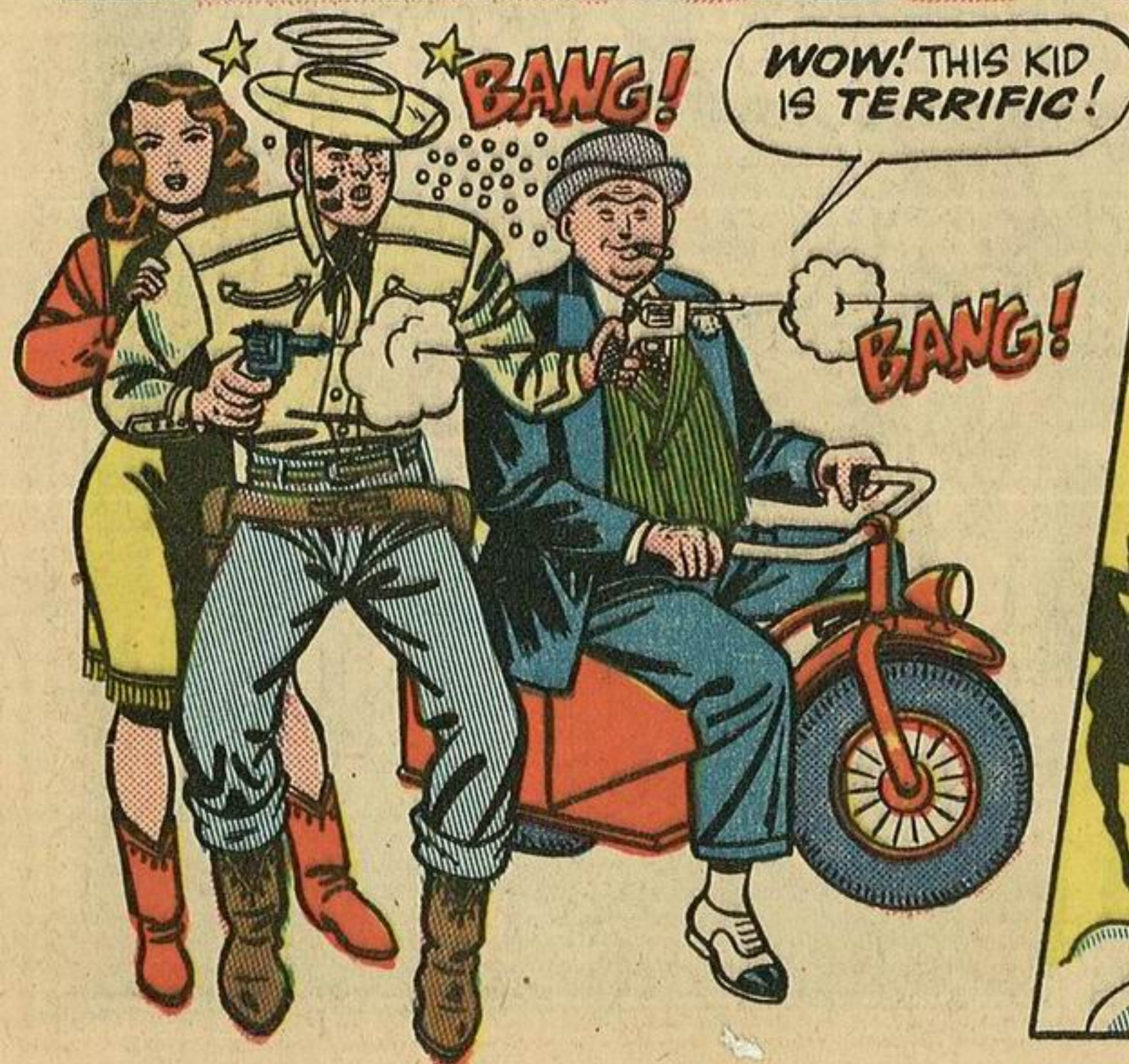
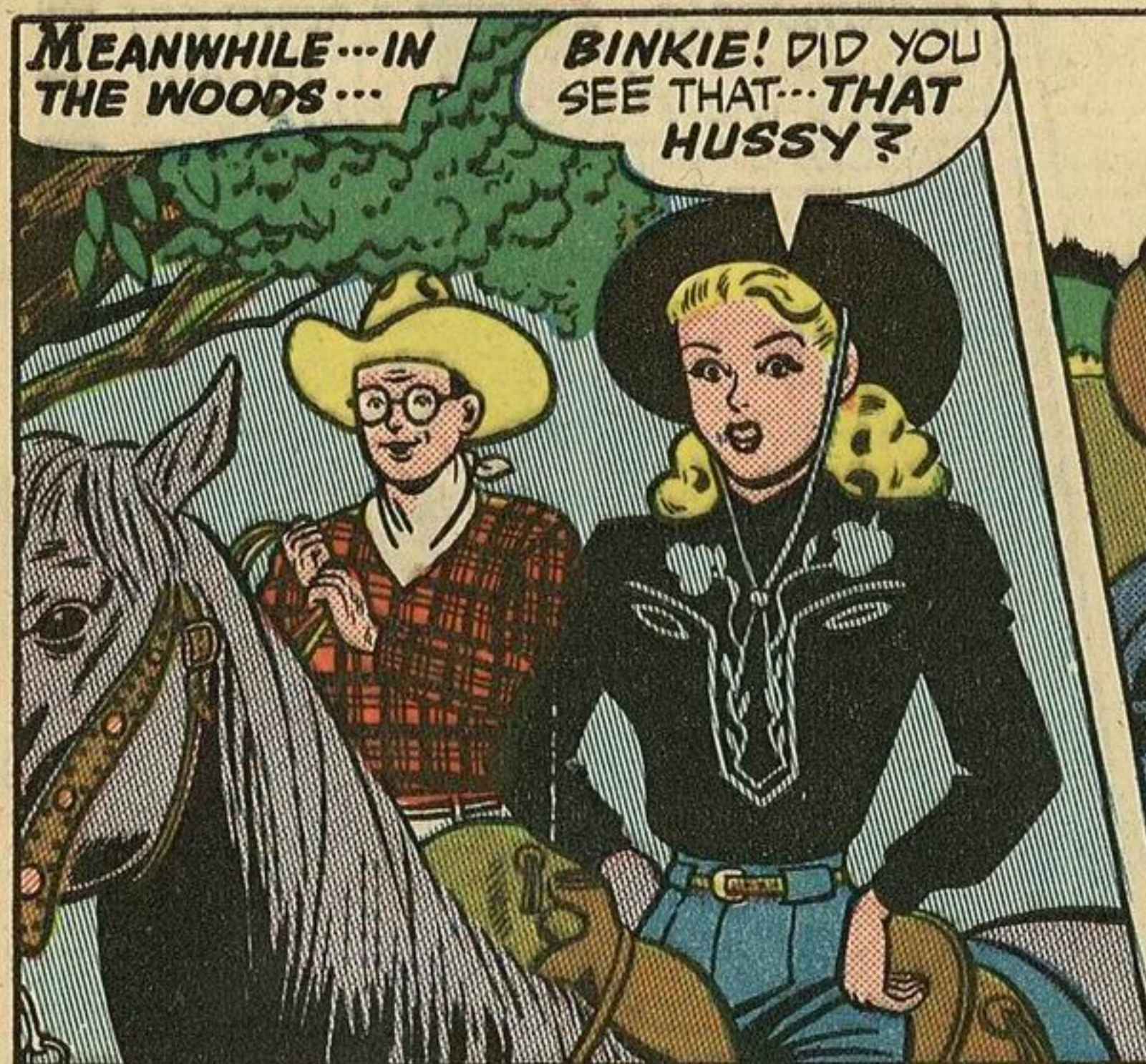
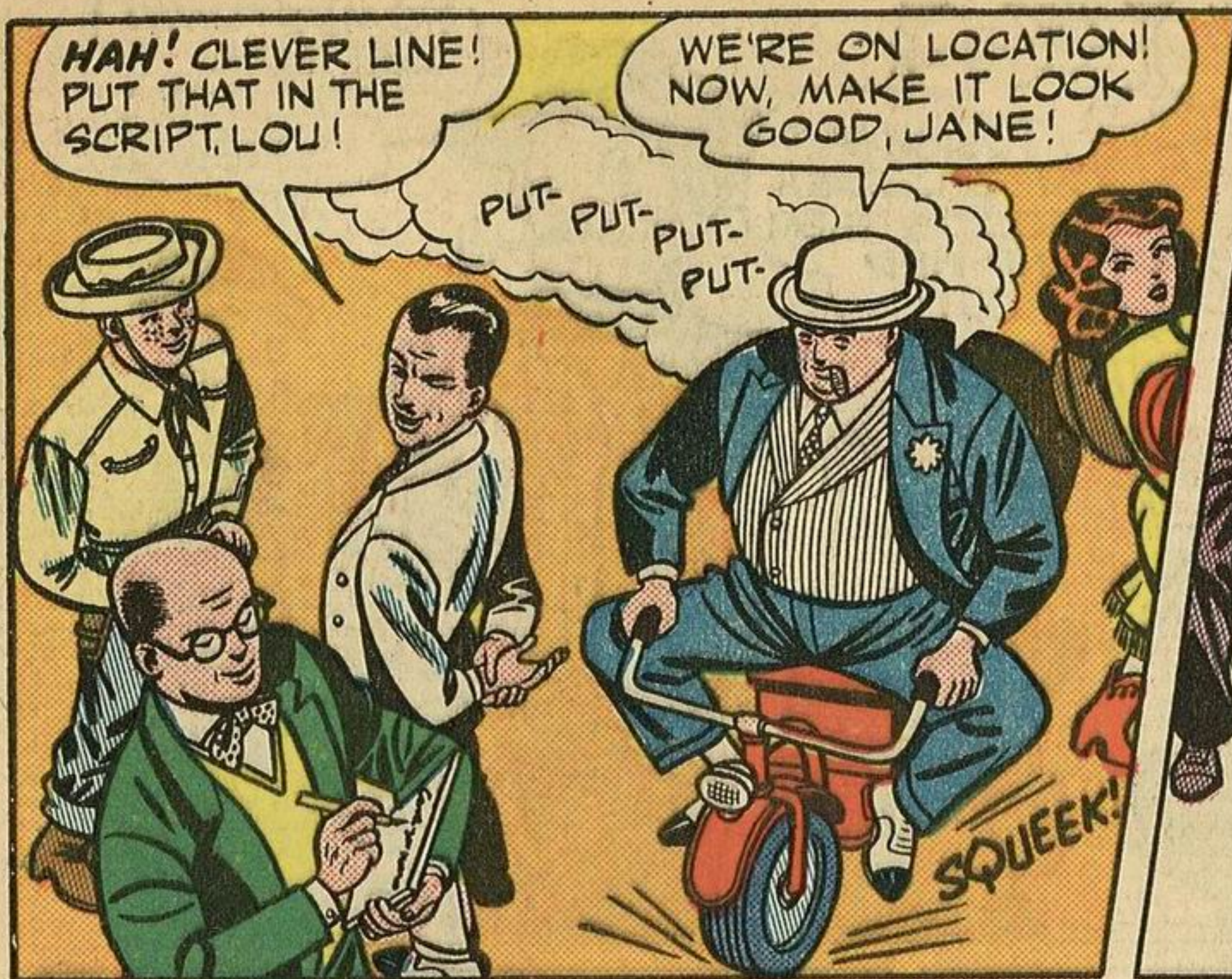
NOW LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT! FIRST, YOU ABDUCT ME ON HORSEBACK...

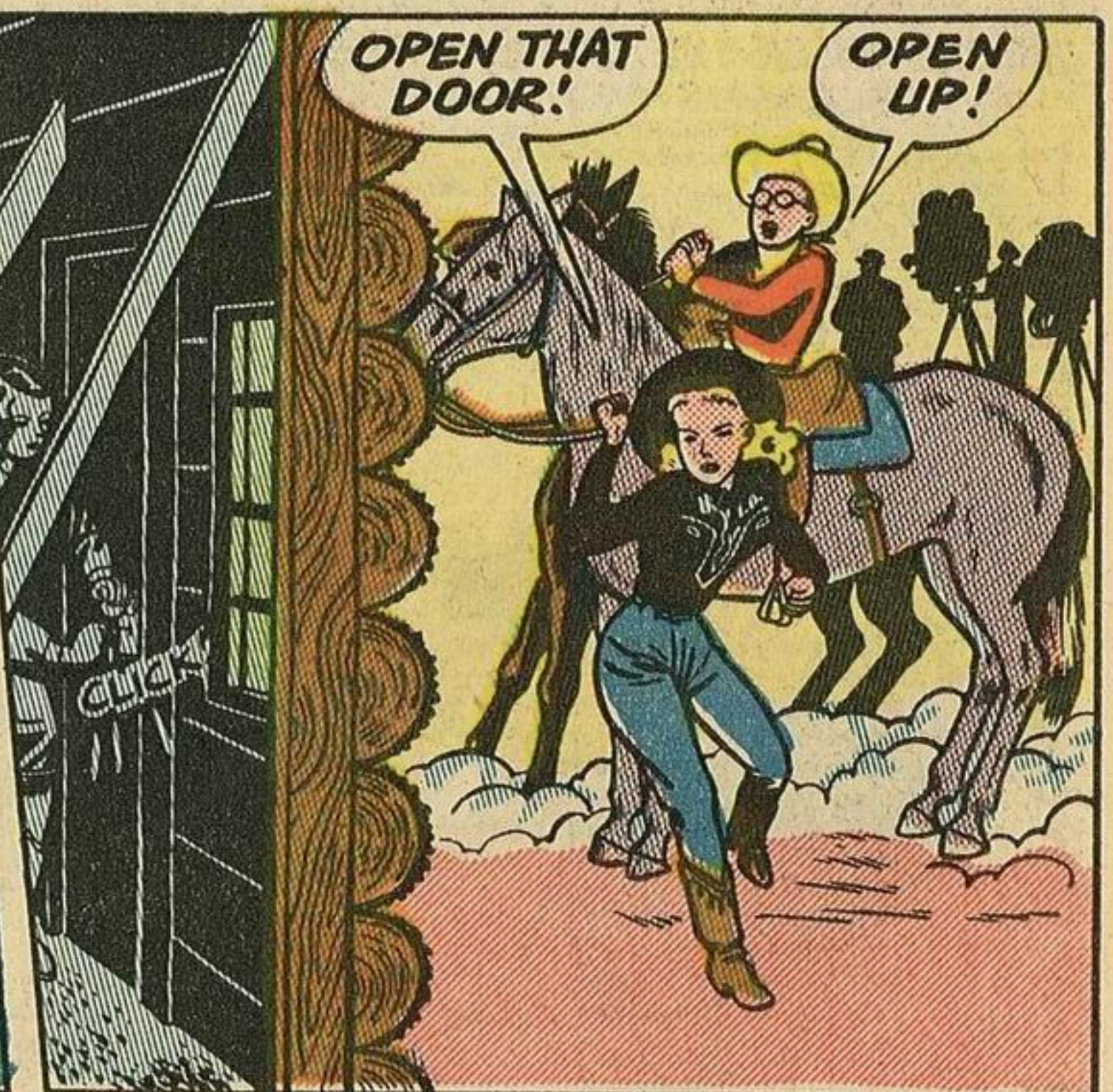
HUH? SHE WANTS ME TO TAKE HER TO THE SCHOOL ON HORSEBACK?

OKAY, MISS BUSTLE!

WAIT A SEC'! HEY, MANNY...BRING UP THE ARTILLERY! JANE, RIP YOUR DRESS TO INDICATE A STRUGGLE!









BETSY

THANKS FOR THE
GREAT DATE, HOMER!



DON'T MENTION
IT, CHICKEN!



AW, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THE MONEY,
BETSY!

BUT, MOLTEN MALTEDS,
IT REALLY TAKES A
SACK OF DO-RE-MI!



GOSH, I'D RATHER
SPEND MY CABBAGE
WITH YOU THAN ANY-
ONE ELSE!



THANKS A BUNCH,
HOMER, BUT THE TWO-
FIFTY IT COST ME FOR
MY HALF OF THE BILL
WAS MORE THAN I
COULD AFFORD!



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With the *Super* **HOME RADIO MIKE!**



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Complete — nothing else to buy. This professional looking switch button mike comes complete with illustrated instructions . . . shows how to install on your radio. "MIKE" has long insulated cord — complete ready to attach.

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine and try this swell "MIKE" at home without risk. Send no money — just name and address on penny postcard and we'll ship C.O.D. plus postage, or send \$2.00 and we ship postpaid. No C.O.D. outside U.S.A.



Only
\$1.98
Complete.



Comes
complete
with
6 foot
cord

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☐ Send MIKE C.O.D., I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. on arrival.

☐ I'm enclosing \$2 send postpaid.

Name

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City State

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AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

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NO EXERCISE
NO LAXATIVES
NO DRUGS
NO MASSAGE

Absolutely
HARMLESS
and Actually
GOOD FOR YOU!

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Now YOU CAN HAVE
DARING *Newest Look* **BEAUTY**
WITH ALL-IN-ONE
TRIOLETTE

It's All These

- 1-uplift bra
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- 3-garter belt

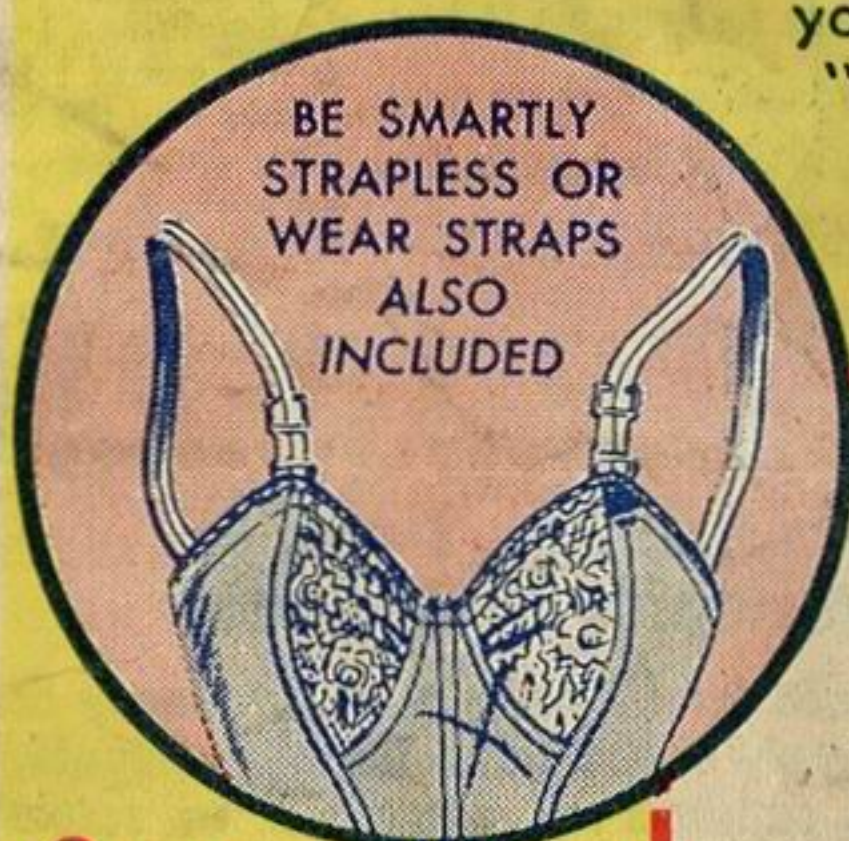
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—Full Bosom
FIGURE**



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figure. A cup, 32 to 36.
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